

THE NAUTILUS.

Vol. IX.

FEBRUARY, 1907.

No. 4.

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THE NAUTILUS.

ELIZABETH TOWNE }
WILLIAM E. TOWNE } Editors

Edwin Markham
Florence Morse Kingsley
Grace MacGowan Cooke
Henry Wood
Prof. Edgar L. Larkin
Frederick Rosslyn
Floyd B. Wilson
Eleanor Kirk
Margaret Messenger
Wallace D. Wattles
Salvarona
Ella Adelia Fletcher
Riley M. Fletcher Berry
Rose Woodallen Chapman

These Are
NAUTILUS
Contributors
for 1906-7.
Others
Coming!

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\$30.⁰⁰ CASH PRIZE.

OTHER PRIZES TOO, AND A SPECIAL OFFER.

Why can't you win this prize?
Honestly, it isn't as hard work as you might think. Let me tell you about the young man who won the prize of \$20.00 just awarded. He works in an office during the day and is *studying medicine* evenings. Yet he likes *Nautilus* so well that he found time, in spite of all his other duties, to get a sufficient number of new subscribers to win the prize. He only worked among his friends at odd moments.

What might one accomplish who gave a little time to the work?

HERE ARE THE PRIZE OFFERS:

- First, \$30.00 cash.
- Second, \$10.00 worth of books from any of our lists.
- Third, \$5.00 worth of my own publications, *NAUTILUS* included. This prize goes to every friend who sends ten or more new subscribers.
- The first prize will go to the person who sends us between now and August 31, 1907, the largest number of subscribers to *The Nautilus*.
- The second prize will go to the one who sends the second largest number.
- There may be a hundred or so third prizes, for \$5.00

worth of our publications will go to each friend who sends us ten or more new subscribers to *The Nautilus* before August 31, 1907.

SPECIAL OFFER.

Any person who sends me in four new subscriptions at one time will be entitled to receive a beautiful fountain pen. The pen is *self-filling*, self-cleaning, has iridium points and is warranted to work perfectly. **Value \$2.50.** If you send four subscribers and receive a pen as premium, such subscribers will be placed to your credit and counted towards the cash prize.

I would suggest that you use the December number of the *Nautilus* for the present in soliciting subscriptions. If you wish extra copies for samples, let me know.

Now, dear friends, *The Nautilus* is your magazine as well as ours. It exists through your support. If you will interest your friends in the magazine and get them to subscribe, we will be able to give you a still better magazine from month to month, and we will reimburse you with premiums as above.

Wishing you the greatest success in all things during 1907, I am,

Cordially yours,
ELIZABETH TOWNE.

BIG MAGIC POW WOW

A CALL TO EVERY READER. ADMISSION FREE.

The first of each year all the girls in our offices are called together and everything connected with the business is "talked over." Suggestions are offered, complaints made (if there are any) and *everybody makes known his wants*.

This year I want to "talk over" the conduct of *Nautilus* with my readers, and I want to ask *each one to make his wants known*. We want to give you what you desire in the way of an interesting magazine.

Now please fill in *carefully* answers to the following

1. Name the four or five contributors to *Nautilus* (leaving out the editors) that you like best, in the order of your preference.

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.....
.....
.....

2. Name any outside writer you would like us to engage.

.....
.....
3. Do you like fiction in *Nautilus*, and if so shall we print any stories that are not *distinctively* new thought?

.....

4. Do you like Eleanor's serial story?

5. Do you like best Prof. Larkin's illustrated articles, or do you prefer such as he has in this number?

.....
.....
.....

6. Which of Rosslyn's contributions do you like best?

.....

questions (or just number your answers if you don't want to cut the page) and mail as soon as possible to **ELIZABETH TOWNE, Holyoke, Mass.** Add any suggestions or criticisms you may think of. If you enclose a stamp and request it we will mail you a *Nautilus* post card for your trouble.

Now please everybody answer and help us to edit *The Nautilus* in such a way as to make it ten times more interesting than ever before.

Here are the questions:—

7. Name one or more of the departments that you like. Shall we discontinue any of the departments? Add any new ones? If so what?

.....
.....
.....

8. Do you prefer more or less of the two editors' writings?

9. Do you want more "Briefs" or more long articles by Mr. Towne?

.....

10. Shall we print pictures?

11. Shall we publish articles not *distinctively* new thought?

12. Shall we continue the department of "New Thought in the Kitchen?" Any suggestions about this department?

.....
.....

13. Would you prefer *The Nautilus* larger, after the style of *Ladies' Home Journal*, with contributors galore? Or smaller, with fewer contributors or none, like *Philistine*?

.....

*"Build thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul!
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."
—Holmes' "The Chambered Nautilus."*

THE NAUTILUS.

Self-Help Through Self-Knowledge.

MONTHLY,
One Dollar a Year. }

FEBRUARY, 1907.

{ VOL. IX.
No. 4.

The Constructive Power of Love.

GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE.

When I decided to speak to you today on the constructive power of love, I naturally turned to the book of books for a text.

I found many—some of them the dearest and best words in the book. "Perfect love casteth out fear." "We know that we have passed from death unto life because we love." And the commandment of Jesus—"that ye love one another." Most pertinent of all, to my present need. "He that loveth not, knoweth not God—that God is love."

God is love. God is love. Then *all* is love. For without God is nothing, and all is void and uncreate. God is our human name for that which is created and creating—the vast quickening spirit of the universe, that in which we live and by which we live—and we are here told that God—this spirit—is love.

The word misleads us sometimes. We must rid ourselves of the idea that love is the personal preference we feel for certain individuals—that it has anything to do with family affection. The best of this family love is the highest reach man knows of the mere human emotions, so we use it to illustrate our idea of that which is higher yet, and to us still unspeakable. "Like as a father pitieth his children," we say in attempting to frame some idea of God's kindness toward us. Yet I think we would better not. A human father

has human frailties, he loves but as a man. He would spare his child the salutary lesson which is due it upon the commission of certain acts—in other words he would defraud that child of its right—its right to discipline.

But our Father who is in heaven will not do so. The law of his being, which is perfection, makes his laws work to perfection. You cannot explain to God, why you lied—and thus dodge the just and most kind penalty he has laid up for liars. In our poor stumbling, imperfect fashion we would leave the punishment of our children to another time. But nature and nature's God knows no other time. The fire burns him who thrusts a hand into it—right then—not next week—and a little; but then and there, and just so long as he incurs the burn by holding his hand in it.

I met a woman when I was in New Mexico last year who was living on a ranch, she had drawn away from all the world, she was stultifying herself spiritually every day she lived. Her main outcry against the world which she had tried to run away from was its cruelty. Yet having her eyes set to see cruelty, she found it all about her. The cowboys were cruel to the cattle she said, cruel to their horses. Nature itself, in that barren land, was cruel to the wild beasts;

they were starved and frozen; she ached and agonized in every fiber of her soul about the cruelties done to little children in the cities.

I said to her, and I say to you, that what we deem is cruelty is evidently but a phase of the teaching in the great plan. Man came up from protoplasm. Very well. Did he make that awful ascent easily? Did he come because he was coaxed, and helped, and shown the beauties of being up higher? No. Nature was after him with a thong of ice and fire. He had to grow legs to run away from things which devoured him. He had to grow wits to circumvent that which would have destroyed him. Every stone in the weary progress was wet with his blood. Yet, would we go back? Are we willing to be protoplasm again? Do we not thank God for every blow which drove us higher?

And can we not trust that what seems cruelty to our intelligence here is but the whip behind us to drive humanity to a higher stand?

That is how God loves his children! That is how he bestows his love and blessing. Whom he loveth he chasteneth indeed! And we must thank him much for such chastening.

Then this love which builds worlds isn't a mere enlargement of the human partiality for one object or another. It's something beyond something we haven't evolved fully to yet—but which we shall reach as we go on toward perfection.

I was brought up in the Presbyterian church. I went to our pastor once, in great distress when I was quite young, because I could not love my enemies. He told me that there was love—and love. The love which you extend to your enemies is according to him not the brand you keep for home consumption nor to give your friends. He said it was a love of complaisance. Such a

love as that is nearer to what we mean when we say hate.

Now how would you set about loving your enemies? Religion is nothing to you or me if it is not practical. We want a rule to go by—or at least light on the path—how are you going to love your enemies?

First and foremost, forget that they *are* your enemies. Loosen—oh, loosen, I pray you—those petty and constricting bonds of personality. Forget that *you are you*, and *he is he*. Remember that you are both waves in one stream, both blood drops in the body of God, one indissolubly united in immortality. You cannot live forever—and your enemy die. What you inherit—he inherits.

Now you need not seek your enemy's society to think these things—sit at a distance and contemplate them—and see if your dislike to him or grudge against him does not begin to look small—does not wither and shrink in this white light of eternity.

Then seek for his virtues or virtue—he must have one—one anyhow.

It is said that when Jesus of Nazareth walked as a man among men he once passed a dead dog in the street. Of those who were with him several remarked that so unsightly an object should not have been left in the Master's way, and coupled the words, carrion and filth with the dead thing. Then the Christ turned back, and looking fully down upon the dog said gently, "His teeth are whiter than pearls," and passed on.

In our own day and time I remember hearing of a little old woman who was so determined to find good traits in her fellowmen that when a certain hypocritical scoundrel foreclosed the mortgage on her home, for fear she would be able to pay it off if he gave her a little help and time, said to those

who faulted the man, "Well, I don't know, I always kind of liked Deacon Smith because—because," she hesitated and hunted for a reason—"he's got such a fine digestion."

And why not? It seems odd to us at first because we are in the habit of praising only those virtues which make it pleasanter for us. But look! Nature loves the man for having a good digestion. Nature's God blesses him bountifully for no better reason.

Our standards are sometimes pitifully awry. That which we call right is the thing which appeals to us—pleases us, in the conduct of others. We say we love them for these virtues—so do people love certain dishes upon the table for their flavor—but if that kind of love is elevating to the lover or the beloved, I do not know it. In the matter of family affection—there we are sure of ourselves, we feel it a virtue to be as excessive as possible—we are often a hamperment to those we say we love.

I knew a mother and daughter once, where things seemed sadly out of joint. The mother was maid-of-all-work, seamstress, and washer woman for the young creature; the daughter was called to meals which were prepared for her, she sat at table in clothing her mother had washed and ironed, and was waited upon by that mother who did not sit down with her. She was thankless—of course—and having so much more than was right she fretted continually for the things which her mother could not give her. Yet when I talked to that mother she told me that she loved her daughter, that the girl was the one thing left her to adore, and then she filled up a list of the poor child's faults, and wound up with the statement that her own heart was broken, because her daughter did not love her, was utterly selfish, lazy, and she feared destined to some terrible end. Would you really call it love that such a woman gave her child? I say it is nearer hate.

People whimper—I ought to find a more dignified word for it, but that is what they do—when you lay a finger on the family altar. "With all your fine talk," they seem to ask, "are you going to take away that which the race has leaned upon since time was—through which they have climbed toward God."

Not I. I can take nothing from you, which you do not yourself relinquish. Yet I would say relax your clutch. Release the child, the husband, the father, the beloved one—and let him go. Is he not God's child, too—and God's before he belonged to you? There is no fear that we shall not love our own enough—but there is great fear that we shall love them too much, that we shall smother, with our affection, a higher and a purer development which might be ours and theirs.

Elbert Hubbard's prayer is "Oh, God, let me be radiant!" Radiating what? Love, of course. If we could any of us wake up tomorrow, purged of un-love, radiating love upon all our fellowmen—not on a few, you understand—not on those who please us, or are bound to us by ties of blood—but on all men, the world would be a new place. Shined upon by the sunlight of our love those whom we had been indifferent to—had hated—would take on new graces, show us new virtues.

What is true of people is true of things and circumstances. "Beastly weather," says the gloomy soul when it rains. "This will do the crops good," chirrup the one who is bound to love that which is sent to him.

You can do no good work unless you love it. If you're in a business that you can't love—get out of it. And the quicker the better.

When Wesley saw the thief dragged past by a constable he said, "There goes—but for the grace of God—John Wesley."

Good. Very good. But not good enough. You must learn to leave out the grace of God, and the idea that it can set you apart from other men. There I go—a thief, you must say. If you hold true love toward your brother the thief, this feeling of oneness with him will not make him wish his punishment to be less—it will not make a sentimental fool of you. You will want him to have his lesson, just as you want your boy in school to have his lesson—but in love. In hopeful kindness, in the belief that the lesson is due him, that it is a natural outgrowth of his conduct which it would not be well for him to miss.

And how shall we grow in this love? I can only tell you how I try to grow in it. I have gone out from my home many a time resolved that not one circumstance, object nor person would I meet with unlove. If it stormed, I have said to myself that it was just the day and the weather I should have chosen for my trip. If a child rioted through the car and fell over my feet, I have checked the quick irritation we are all too ready to feel at such a time with the thought, "Bless its heart, how vigorous and young it is. How intent upon creating something upon its own plane something for which I do not care—but for which God certainly does." As I passed down the street I took the faces I met in review, imputing good to those I found myself not attracted by, saying to myself, "That is your brother or your sister, too. Nay that is just another manifestation of yourself! Don't dare to feel scorn of it. Don't dare to draw away from it. That self needs more love, more lessons than this self that you consciously live in—but it's you, too, and you cannot push it down without being yourself degraded."

Do you think one 'doesn't come home from a trip like that happy, strengthened? Do you think we can go on to the

higher lessons of world love, of cosmic love and not be better fathers and mothers, better sons and daughters?

These mere temporary and human ties are but the primary lessons to prepare us for the great theme in which the full diapason sounds.

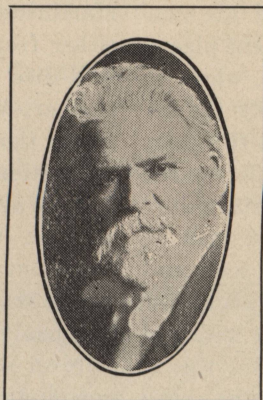
Could we—oh, could we only—be as ready to make prominent a virtue in another, to condone a fault in him, as in ourselves, how much better it would be for—him? Oh, no. For us. How much happier—he would be? No, indeed. What joy we should know.

Sometimes an excess of this very thing which we call love, this human affection, extends our selfishness.

As an instance: Mrs. A and Mrs. B meet. Mrs. A's Harold is in the High school and only twelve. Mrs. B's Charlie at fourteen has failed to pass. The sympathy of Harold's mother, her assurances that "nobody would take your Charlie to be over twelve anyhow—he's so small for his age," leave the other woman hot with indignation.

Poor soul, who was impoverished? Not the boy she spoke of slightly—if what she said was true, she made it neither more nor less by saying it. It was herself she robbed, when she failed to love both boys as her sons.

"The love is to the lover, and comes back most to him." We can any and all of us build us a heaven right here on this earth if we build it for love. If you can remember that the thief in the jail is your brother, the outcast of the streets your daughter, just as truly as she was daughter of the mother who bore her—no, we will not say that—the confusion of this earthly love comes in then—you would be wanting to spare them their punishments and interfere with man's law and God's law—if you can feel that these outcasts are you—part of you—another manifestation of you, a you which must be taught and raised in the scale before all of you can rise to the highest—then—then—you shall have done that which will usher in the millenium.



I REJOICE.

I rejoice, I exult in the hurrying hours;

I rejoice in my days—in the drama, the dream—
In the march of the high, the inscrutable Powers,
Whose shadows are thrown on the stream.

Let the vision of beauty and marvel go by—

The vision of men and the shadows they cast;
Let me see the vast wonder of planet and sky,
And the wonder of death, too, at last!

EDWIN MARKHAM.

Written for THE NAUTILUS.

A Prophecy Fulfilled

BY FREDERICK ROSSLYN.

To the readers of today the name of Jacques Cazotte will awaken no memories of the past. In the history of his own time it has never held a prominent place; on the title pages of his books, where it may still be read, it excites only the interest of the learned. And yet this man was one of the most remarkable figures that passed across the world's stage during the eighteenth century. A man of affairs, a man of letters, a seer and prophet, he stands out in the lurid light of the first French Revolution with the distinctness of a silhouette. But this is only in the eyes of those who have learned to know Cazotte and his works; to others, if he visits at all, he is merely a vague shadow moving in regions of obscurity. And yet only a little over a century ago the man was a living presence, whose voice uttered one of the most remarkable prophecies of any time. For the prophecy was fulfilled to the letter, and the prophet himself perished in the realization of the scenes prefigured in his mystic vision.

Born in Dijon in 1720, Jacques Cazotte was already sixty-eight years old when, in the year 1788, he uttered his famous prophecy. The years between his birth and that in which he foretold his own doom and the doom of his friends and associates covered an active and successful career. He had been carefully educated according to the standards of his time and country; he had served the French government as comptroller and Commissary-General of Martinique; he had married a daughter of the chief President of the Tribunal, and had amassed a considerable fortune; and, above all, he had written a remarkable book entitled "*Le Diable Amoureux*." This work was destined to exert a direct

influence over the life of the author, for it brought him into connection with the Martinists. This society derived its name either from Louis Claude de St. Martin, who died in Paris in 1803, or from his teacher, Martinez Pasquali. Their doctrines, though not perfectly free from exaggeration, were, for all that, a strong protest against the materialistic spirit of the age. Cazotte did not join them, however, but spent the greater part of his life in the literary circles of Paris, where he openly avowed his belief in a supernatural world, and the possibility of a communication with it.

It was among a distinguished company at the supper table of the Duchess de Grammont that Jacques Cazotte uttered his prophecy. He sat silent at one end of the table, staring steadily at his half-empty glass, which glittered brightly beneath the wax lights. He must have been self-hypnotized by this brilliant bit of glass, which took the place of the shining disc used by more modern occultists, for a sudden vision of death arose before his eyes. The other guests present were free-thinkers and materialists, and had been jubilant in the apparent victory of philosophy over "religious superstition." In the midst of the jesting and laughter, Cazotte suddenly sprang up, leaned over the table, and cried in a hollow voice: "You have reason to congratulate yourselves, *messieurs*, for you will all be witnesses of the great and sublime revolution which you so eagerly desire. You, M. Condorcet, will give up the ghost lying on the floor of a subterranean dungeon. You, M. de Chamfoit, will open your veins in two-and-twenty places, and will not die till some months after that desperate attempt at self-destruction. You, M. de Nicolai, will die on the scaffold, and so will you, M. de Malherbes."

Laughter and ironical applause followed this strange outbreak. The brilliant company of wits loudly protested that subterranean dungeons and the scaffold had nothing in common with philosophy and the sovereignty of reason. Finally, when he could make himself heard, Richer exclaimed:

"Thank the gods! M. Cazotte only owes a grudge to the Academy. He will permit the rest of us to live."

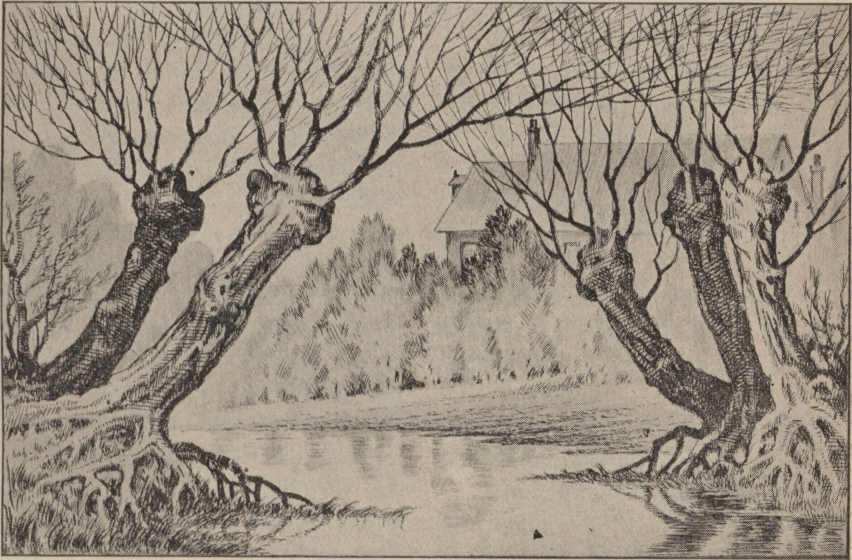
But the impassive prophet, gazing through the mist which veiled the future, quickly continued:

Jean Francois de Laharpe was present, and, though a leader in the revolutionary movement and a declared materialist, he had been a silent listener to these prophecies of evil. But now he, too, questioned the prophet.

"And pray, M. Cazotte," he inquired, "what will happen to me?"

"A great miracle, monsieur; you will be converted, and become an ardent Christian."

If any feeling of awe had arisen among the more impressionable of the company, it was quickly dispelled by this answer.



Cazotte's Estate. Trees Springing to New Life.

"You, too, M. Richer, will die on the scaffold; and those who are preparing such a dark destiny for yourself and the rest of Madame la Duchesse's company are all of your own school of philosophy."

Another outburst of laughter followed this queer announcement, and then someone asked:

"When will all these fine things come to pass, M. Cazotte?"

"Within six years of today," replied the seer.

The Duchess de Granmont, reassured by the merriment of her guests, said in her gentle voice:

"The fate of us poor women, I assume, will not be so tragic. We do not meddle much in politics, and in revolutionary times we are neglected."

Jacques Cazotte's pale face was like a death mask; only his luminous eyes betrayed the life of the dominating soul. "Mesdames," he answered, "this time your sex will not protect you. Though you may carefully refrain from inter-

ference, you will not fail to be treated exactly like the men. Alas! You, too, Madame la Duchesse, and many other great ladies, will have to mount the steps of the scaffold."

The light-hearted duchess, who regarded this as a joke, added:

"I trust, at any rate, that I shall have a mourning coach."

"No, no; a common cart will be your last carriage, and your hands will be tied behind you. Besides, greater ladies than you will be dragged to the guillotine in the same way."

"I trust you do not allude to the princesses of the blood royal," said Madame de Granmont.

"To even greater than they."

"Do you refer to the queen?"

"Yes; her majesty shall die on the scaffold, too."

The laughter had completely died out; every member of that brilliant circle was listening intently now.

"Bah," protested the duchess, "we shall not be refused the comfort of a confessor, to exhort us in our dying moments."

"Such an honor," replied the seer, "will only be granted to the most illustrious of all the victims—King Louis."

There was silence now; dead, oppressive silence. Jacques Cazotte still stood leaning forward over the table, rigid, pale, staring above the heads of his listeners at the living pictures of the future. It was all a jest, of course, admirably carried out by the principal actor; but some of the audience were beginning to feel rather uneasy. Perhaps to lighten the growing gloom, someone said:

"You have completely forgotten yourself, M. Cazotte. If we are all to die in prison or on the scaffold, good breeding calls on you to bear us company."

"And so I shall," replied the unmoved prophet. "For me, too, though I have combated your revolutionary ideas,

there is no escape. I shall die on the scaffold; the swift-falling blade of the guillotine will end my life."

And so, in foretelling his own doom, Cazotte's prophecy ended. His face assumed its natural expression of benign calm; the film passed from his eyes; he was once more alive to his surroundings. But he took no further part in the conversation, and in a short time he arose from his place at the table, bowed to the company and left the room.

Everyone acquainted with the history of the French Revolution will perceive how exactly the prophecy was fulfilled. Its authenticity has been questioned, and the whole narrative has been several times declared to be a fiction of Laharpe's concocting. On the other hand, it is certain that Cazotte made other prophecies besides this one; that, further, it was the subject of conversation long before Laharpe published it; and lastly, that there were witnesses to the truth of Laharpe's narrative. As far back as 1792, the Princess de Lambesc, then living in Vienna, alluded to this prophecy in a conversation with General von Schwarz, and his story harmonizes to a great extent with Laharpe's. And Bulau very justly remarks that Laharpe would hardly have ventured to invent a fictitious narrative relating to such a recent occurrence, for fear of being publicly contradicted. He also brings direct proof of the truth of Laharpe's story, by a reference to "Observations on the Curiosities of Nature," the author of which declared that he was present when Cazotte uttered his prophecy.

Jacques Cazotte could have immigrated before the outbreak of the revolution, but he remained in Paris, working indefatigably for the preservation of the monarchy. While staying at his estate near Eprenay, he heard that the royal family had been stopped in their flight at Varenne, and were ordered back. The

National Guard of the vicinity were detached to Chalons to maintain order in the town during the short stay of the king and queen, and Cazotte's eldest son marched with them as commanded. Young Cazotte, on reaching Chalons, received orders to occupy the approaches to the Hotel Rohan, where the royal family were to descend. He had scarcely time to post his sentries ere the coach made its appearance, surrounded by an immense crowd. Fearful yells and menaces saluted the several members of the family as they alighted, and the beautiful, proud-faced queen was before all the object of execration. At this moment young Cazotte, who was as fearless as his father, shouted to Marie Antoinette in German: "Despise that rabble! God is above all!" The daughter of the Hapsburgs silently thanked him by a quick movement of her eyes for this consolation in her mother tongue.

The elder Cazotte was imprisoned a few weeks later, his secret correspondence with Ponteau, a secretary of the Civil List, having been detected. He would have been one of the victims of the September massacres, had not his daughter Elizabeth, who accompanied him to prison, thrown herself between her father and the assassins. "The road to my father's heart is through mine," the young girl dauntlessly exclaimed. She was only seventeen years old at the time, and her youth, beauty and courage so affected the ruffianly *sans culottes* that they insisted on the immediate liberation of Cazotte and his daughter. But the momentary humanity of the vacillating

mob availed the old royalist but little, for a few days later he was again arrested and imprisoned. Then he was led before the Revolutionary Tribunal; but even the men who formed that sanguinary court could discover no crime on the part of the aged scholar, whose gentleness and kindness were universally known. With an odious hypocrisy, the public accuser finally said: "Why, Cazotte, must I find you guilty after a virtuous life of seventy-two years? It is not enough to be a good husband, a good father, a good neighbor—a man must also be a good citizen of the Republic." And with a similar hypocrisy the presiding judge continued: "Look death in the face without fear, Cazotte! Remember that it cannot terrify you. It is impossible for a man such as you are to tremble at such a moment." In reality, he was condemned before trial.

The end had come; the last scene of his mystic vision was now to be enacted on the given stage of the guillotine. After taking leave, in writing, of his wife and children, he ascended the scaffold with a firm step on the morning of September 25, 1792. He cut off one of his white locks, which he sent as a farewell token to his brave and beautiful daughter, prayed fervently, and then placed his head on the block. But before the glittering blade of the guillotine descended, he cried aloud: "I die as I have lived—faithful to my God and to my King!" A moment later, and his white head rolled into the basket. The prophecy of Jacques Cazotte had been fulfilled to the letter.

It is not what you DO, but what you ARE, that marks your place in society, no matter how menial your occupation may be, dignify it, and the world will quickly recognize your true value.

VIRGINIA R. HUMPHREY.

Cosmical Bodies.

BY EDGAR L. LARKIN.

The Bhagavad Gita, an ancient Hindu philosophical book, says: "Matter is invisible in its primordial state, visible in its intermediate and invisible in its final state." The latest deduction of science, based on the most refined spectrum analysis, the most recondite investigations of mathematicians on vibrations of elemental forms, and the researches of electricians upon the action of atoms under intense pressure of electricity, is unable to give a better definition of the Universe. It has every appearance of being an intermediate condition of matter, an episode in duration, a disturbance, a period of unrest.

Physical sciences teach that the first matter was an excessively rare gas filling all that space now occupied by the sidereal structure. It must have been composed of one element, whence all later types were formed; or every existing element thoroughly mixed and in a state of dissociation. The mixture was mechanical not chemical. Chemism could not exist owing to the appalling cold minus 461 degrees Fahrenheit, the absolute zero. Upon sounding the depths of space with the spectroscope, identical elements are seen glowing in suns on opposite sides of the stellar structure separated by distances of many quadrillion miles. There is no explanation other than that of mixture before condensation into suns.

The quantity of matter in the solar system is known with considerable accuracy; and if it were expanded to half the distance to our nearest neighboring sun, as it must have been, then each cubical volume of space equal to that of the earth contained gas enough to weigh only one hundred and twenty-seven pounds!

This need not seem surprising for late investigations into the action of matter

under the influence of high potential electricity oscillating with enormous rapidity, have thrown light on the primitive state of atoms. The researches of Professors J. J. Thomson and Reginald Fessenden inspire the belief that atoms are made up of corpuscles. Their work in electro-kinetics seems to make it clear that the well-known chemical atom is itself a collection of still smaller parts.

Thomson terms them corpuscles and although their size is unknown, proof is had that they must be as small as the one seven hundredth part of an atom of hydrogen in mass. The velocity of electricity, 186,330 miles per second is known and the quantity of inertia of matter is also known. Professor Fessenden found by mathematical analysis that if "the diameter of a corpuscle be the one 25 million millionth of an inch, the ionic charge of electricity carried by it will account for its full quantity of inertia." Surely, the original cosmical body was at absolute zero of temperature with such tenuity. Such conditions of matter preclude the generation or storage of heat, so the venerable fire-mist theory is untenable. Professor Fessenden also deduced three equations between four unknown quantities, which cannot be solved without admitting the properties of a matter that does not oscillate like an ordinary gas."

Professor Elihu Thomson says: "Advanced physicists have no hesitation in decomposing the hydrogen atom into more than seven hundred electrified corpuscles, some carrying plus and the others minus charges. Moreover, the interesting conclusion is reached that these electrons, of all chemical elements are probably of the same size and possibly identical." Note that Professor Thomson says that ions are electrified.

Professor Fessenden writes: "A group of so many corpuscles make up the atom. The inertia of the atom is due to the electro-magnetic inductance of the corpuscular charge, and gravity is due to the change of density of the ether surrounding the corpuscle."

It is coming—a wider law than the Newtonian law of gravity. It is proven that where there is a mathematical, there is also a physical impossibility. It is now being seen that gravity itself is oscillatory, indeed it's doubtful if there is a constant pressure in nature. Electrical inductance is now admitted by all to be a mighty law,—one to be studied with the utmost care,—it is near the beginning of nature.

Maxwell saw that the energy of a current is in the space surrounding a conductor, and Lockyer foresaw the final division of the atom. Rayleigh, Ramsay, Curie, Roentgen, Hertz and Crookes, in their studies of obscure radiations have enabled astronomers to formulate conditions for the original cosmical gas. The newly discovered elements display radiant energy; they can act at a distance. Radium emits cathode rays. So do the corona of the sun, the material of comets and the aurora. A radium compound is now in a laboratory that has been emitting light for more than six years. If radium is held near a closed circuited wire a current is generated. The discovery that corpuscles either carry or are surrounded by an electric charge, or are themselves electricity, and that they are able to set up inductance in other corpuscles, aids physicists in research into the properties of the primeval state of matter. Electricity is one original prime motive energy in the universe. It has no heat, liquid air is warm compared to it; it therefore is the only energy able to act in absolutely frigid space. Science now indicates that the one universal mass was cold, at perfect rest and inert. No trace of chemism existed. Inductance (due to polarity), or if preferred, say gravity, was the only energy it possessed. An original pri-

mordial disturbance took place, the first motion occurred, and the entire cosmical mass commenced to break up into countless nebulae. In these, the astronomer encounters the most primitive form of matter known to him. They emit light. The great telescopes collect their tiny waves and send them into the telescope. The grating reveals to mortal eye, by the most accurate analysis conceivable, the elements composing the distant bodies. If the acquisition of knowledge of the universe and the expansion of intellect is the highest human endeavor; then the discovery of the key to the Fraunhofer lines is the chief event that has taken place on this planet. The mystery of these lines was more impenetrable than the cuneiform writings of Nineveh or the glyphs of Egypt, yet they have been translated into human speech. Kirchhoff rose up above the races of the earth in 1859 and revealed to intellectual man his four immortal laws. At once they were made known to all nations. Intense research began and a scene of human activity opened without parallel in history. The mighty gate of a labyrinth more inscrutable than that of the Egyptian swung on its hinges, doors were opened as if by magic, and men peered into interminable corridors of nature, sealed for all time without these universal laws.

The vast sciences of modern physics may be said to stand on spectrum analysis.

These lines tell what elements are glowing in any incandescent body, no matter what its distance may be. They constitute the alphabet of the universe and can be read as easily as the dots and lines of the Morse telegraphic alphabet. Immediately upon the discovery of the key to the Fraunhofer lines, the spectroscope was turned on the nebulae. Their spectra consist of six or seven bright lines only. The corpuscles or atoms, if now they have coalesced into atoms, vibrate at few rates, chemism has not appeared and complex oscillation has not

developed. It is improbable that the spectroscope can handle waves shorter than those generated by the swing of atoms; even if corpuscles can set up vibrations at light rates, their diameters being so inconceivably less than the lengths of waves of light. The most conspicuous lies in the spectra of nebulae are those sent by oscillating hydrogen. The cause of this vibration certainly is not heat.

Kant and LaPlace not knowing the law of conservation of energy, discovered later by Helmholtz, and never having heard of cold light, could not do otherwise than say that nebulae are hot. Hence heat did not appear until central condensation took place and chemism began. Hydrogen existed at the opening of time, and is plentiful. It is seen in the spectroscope in every direction in the sidereal vault. When a porous meteor falls on the earth, its pores are filled with occluded hydrogen. During a lecture in the Royal Institute in London, the room was lighted with gas from a meteor.

One ninth (1-9) by weight, of water, is hydrogen, and it glows in suns as well as in the oldest nebula. Some chemists think it is the original matter. Thomson's corpuscles may be the primal hydrogen before it broke up into coarse atoms, like the gaseous body which far later separated and condensed into neb-

ula. Hydrogen presents three Fraunhofer lines in the spectra of nebulae and helium one. Helium had long been seen in nebulae and suns. The earth was ransacked to find it, without avail, until Ramsay finally discovered it in the rare mineral cleveite. It is observed in every direction, through the spectroscope, in the universe; but its use in nature is yet unknown.

Three other lines are revealed by the spectroscope in these wonderful pearl colored nebulae; and as the substance from which they emanate has not been found on earth—the name *nebulum* has been assigned to it. And now, all the spectroscopic chemists in the world are tearing nature bottom side up to find it here. It is thought by astronomers now that all the stars—everyone a sun—were once in the nebulous condition. Some of these gigantic nebulae contain matter enough to make many suns. Thus, the vast nebula in Andromeda shows a number of bright points of condensation, each one a sun just beginning. The great nebula in Orion presents many glowing centers also. Professor Keeler of the Lick observatory counted the images of thirty-one nebulae on one photographic negative. He stated that the entire sky would show as many as 120,000. Were he now alive, he would perhaps say 120,000,000. These cosmical bodies are great mysteries.

REVEALED.

The still small voice was thine, O Lord,
That to the prophet came,
Thou wast not in the whirlwind
Nor the earthquake nor the flame.

"What God is this?" men blindly cry,
When vast destructions mow
The toil of ages and in waste
Great cities are laid low.

"Behold our God!" his children say,
When from those ashes bare
A world-wide sympathy shall rise
That angels weep to share.

ABIGAIL LITHIAN HALSEY.



A Meditation On The Real Self.

Think these thoughts as often as you can, if you would manifest the perfect, physical well-being.

I live and move and have my being in the eternal, unchangeable health. In God there is no darkness at all—in Him there is no sickness at all. Every fibre of my being is permeated with the white light of Truth. There *is* no other life than this I have in Him. Life is from everlasting to everlasting the same—full, perfect, diseaseless. Bodily organs have never sustained my life, and never will. God is not only the spring of my existence but *the substance of my body*. I affirm the truth about myself when I declare that I am, and always have been, perfectly well. I am determined from henceforth to manifest the truth in this body of mine. Nothing can harm the eternal, imperishable spirit which is the real self of me. I am whole, well in God.

FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY.

The Law of the Rhythmic Breath.

BY ELLA ADELIA FLETCHER.

CHAPTER XV.

THE ACTIVITIES OF THE MACROCOSM IN THE MICROCOSM.

The new science declares confidently that we are akin to the stars, meaning thereby that, being composed of like elements though in vastly different states, we have through countless ages evolved therefrom. Yet it would cut us off entirely from that influence now! And this is the great stumbling block of progress.

When science goes further and recognizes that mankind, as also every living creature and every visible, material thing, is ever in the making and has never been severed from that original kinship, which influences us daily and hourly, humanity will gain an immense impetus in the upward ascent of the evolutionary spiral towards the development of spiritual senses. The X-ray foreshadows the powers humanity will thus gain.

Fortunately, recent discoveries are fast undermining the walls between the visible and invisible that materialism has with such blind zeal endeavored to render impregnable. It is of vast significance to have discovered that "The chemistry of all parts of space is the same." The factor which they leave out of all their calculations and investigations is "The Life-Movement of the Spirit through the Rhythm of Things." This is the energy within energy behind all phenomena, an energy of which we are a part, and of which we use whatever we will; that is, whatever we fit ourselves for through training of will and desire and thought.

Of stupendous import to the race is it to study present stellar influences, realizing that the most distant star that lights the midnight canopy has its not

insignificant part to play in the Cosmic whole—just as every atom and molecule in the physical body has its use and connection with that whole. All phenomena, atmospheric, terrene, physical, or mental, may be traced to Cosmic energies, *a part of which we are.*

Every point in the macrocosm is a center of action and reaction for the whole ocean of *Prana*; and every one of these centers has its own atmosphere with its special limit. These points—the most infinitesimal unit of *time* as of *space*—are called *Trutis* in Sanskrit, and lacking a word to so clearly identify the thing, I shall use it. To understand the ceaseless play of vibratory rays emanating from the celestial workshops, meeting and crossing or impinging upon one another on varying planes, imagine, if you can, the spectacle presented if seven or more particles of radium could be so placed and displayed in a darkened room that you could see the criss-crossing of their brilliant rays in a bewildering maze.

At every intersection of rays there would be a *Truti* receiving those rays, but no two *Trutis* could possibly receive precisely the same vibrations, for not only are there three kinds of rays to move at varying tangents but the *Trutis* would vary in plane and also in distance from the centers. Just such streams of influence are beating upon us all the time. In the zone of earth-life, every *Truti* of the ecliptical space is an individual organism whose life-phases change with the momentary variations of the *Tattvic* vibrations as the earth and her sister planets whirl in their orbits.

Man is a microcosmic sphere of energy exactly duplicating or reflecting the macrocosmic sphere, of which he is as it were a single cell, made up of millions of

atoms held together by vibratory law. The *Tattvas* are the forces that lie at the root of all manifestations. They are that which lies behind every natural phenomenon. But it is only when the *Tattvas* reach a certain state of density that they become visible. The suns, stars, and planets are the visible, materialized centers of invisible, spiritual and ethereal forces. To spiritual vision no matter is dense.

It should be remembered that no two planets move with the same velocity or in the same orbit, and that consequently their aspects one to another are incessantly changing. The varying forms of *Tattvic* force and influence cause this and it is the reaction from the planets which injects such variation in the *Pranic* currents flowing earthward; and, in consequence, into every species of earth organism—these organisms being, as you will remember, manifestations on the gross (that is, *visible*!) plane of *Tattvic* activities.

Astronomers have recognized that the mutual interaction between the planets is a never-ending source of perturbations and disturbances, now checking and diverting, now restraining and now accelerating each and every one in its orbit, so that their paths through the congeries of stars which form the constellations, though never diverging far from the ecliptic, are most devious, being marked by eccentric loops and kinks recoiling upon their celestial pathways. Size and weight or velocity of motion, and especially their position in relation to the sun have been the factors supposed to account for the influences and antagonisms driving these stellar lords to so erratic conduct.

That the antagonism was in substance, a question of chemical affinity or repulsion—shall we not say of electrical condition?—seems never to have occurred to investigators. But when we apply the

Tattvic Law to the problem there is the most logical basis to believe that it solves the enigma, accounting for all vagaries and idiosyncracies and for the known influences of one planet upon another.

Let us begin with Saturn. By our law of correspondencies, it seems a simple matter to recognize that this most masterful and significant of the major planets is the center of *Akashic* influence, and derives from the predominance of this *Tattva* all the malefic influences which the astrologer attributes to the "great infortune." The rays of light thus thrown upon the subject dissipate a cloud of mystery and make clear hitherto unexplainable phenomena, as also many a legend and story of old. Both Saturn and Jupiter are said to present "only a surface of clouds, and may not have anything solid about them;" but it is suspected that they have a high temperature. Some states of *Akasha* are known to be marked by an extraordinarily high temperature, and "a surface of cloud" is what we should naturally expect.

Even to the naked eye Saturn gleams with a cold blue light. Seen through a five-inch telescope, the planet appears of a cool silver-white color, with delicate greyish shadings, blending one with another as they stretch from the bright equatorial belt to the deep blue poles. These polar caps are sometimes described as of a dark greenish hue, but the great dissimilarity in human optics would account for this discrepancy, as also would changing *Tattvic* conditions. An interesting feature is that the planet is banded by vari-colored belts, red, orange, and sometimes delicate rose-color; they are, however, less brilliant than Jupiter's belts and not recognized as so variable.

But the greatest distinction of Saturn—the phenomenon that puzzles the scientists the most—is its remarkable system of rings, separate from the planet and surrounding its equatorial belt. There

are two broad, bright bands, separated from each other by "a black line" (indigo?), which "line" marks a 1,600-mile gap; and a third dusky inner ring which is only faintly luminous and so transparent that the edge of the planet can be seen through its mass. The space between them has been measured and is estimated to be from nine to ten thousand miles broad. The inner and outer rings are over 10,000 miles in width, and the middle one is more than a third broader, being 16,500 miles wide.

To the knower of the *Tattvas*, the only possible hypothesis is that these rings are *Tattvic* emanations from the mother bowl of *Akasha*, and their peculiarities so far as known perfectly agree with their natural identification. Thus, the "gauzy," "crepy" inner ring is *Vayu* (air), whence emerges the brightest and broadest ring, *Tejas*. The expansive nature of this *Tattva* explains its greater width, and the qualities of light and heat and its characteristic color, its superior brilliancy. The outer ring appears to be *Prithivi*. Color and volume corroborate this suggestion, while in the midnight-gap that separates it from *Tejas*, *Akasha* must hold *Apas* (water) in a latent state. This order of visibility corresponds perfectly with the planetary sequence, and also with the changes of the *Tattvas* in the currents of *Prana* within our bodies, as described in Chapter XIII, where your attention was attracted to the peculiarity that the order of evolution (see Chapter V) was violated. I am satisfied that we find in the planetary sequence the explanation for this, and the famous rings of Saturn corroborate the belief. No other planets have rings. Only from *Akasha* could they emanate.

Saturn's rings are the girdle with which Satan alone among the gods is girt about; for Satan is the Soul and spiritual ruler of Saturn. His kingdom is the house of matter. "Evil is the result of limitation, and Satan is the Lord of Limit" (see "Perfect Way," page 369).

Remember that through *Akasha* spirit descended into matter.

Ancient myths represent Saturn as devouring his children, which symbolizes exactly what the *Akashic Tattva* does with every other *Tattva*. Ages before Christ, all the lesser celestial bodies were regarded as Saturn's children. The Hebrews had several names for Saturn, but as Sater, or Seater, the attributes conferred upon him will be recognized as symbolizing perfectly the qualities or powers of *Akasha*. He was called the "god of secrecy," "parent of successive being," and "author of generation." It was believed that Sater *consumed all things and again repaired them*. Men were in closer touch in those days with matters celestial to have felt the mysterious influences of all these things which it is our privilege to understand rationally as inherent in the power of one of the centers from which the life we live is flowing constantly to us.

Saturn's influence tends to fix more deeply that of other planets. He rules the East wind which, moving contrary to the earth's motion, conduces greatly to dampness and depletes the electricity in the atmosphere. This is one reason why the East wind "gets onto" people's nerves. They are failing to receive the normal supply, but *the remedy is to generate it within*. Fear has always been recognized as the active expression of the Saturn principle, and certainly nothing more is needed to identify the *Akasha* influence.

Now the soul and life of the whole Solar System is the solar orb, and the human "soul is as a spiritual sun, corresponding in all things with the solar orb." If it permits evil to exist in its sphere—the microcosm—that evil will attract corresponding astral influences from the macrocosm. Disturbing influences can thus, of course, enter the body as the *Tattvas* change in their normal course; but thought has the power either to subdue them when they appear or to repel them before they find entrance,

through holding tenaciously thoughts of serene confidence. Imagination is the architect, and thought the builder. We must have a perfect plan and use good materials if we would protect our bodies from the external disturbing thought-influences to which every organ is more or less sensitive. Its *receptivity depends upon us*.

Excessive indulgence in the gratification of any special sense-pleasure tends to exaggerate the *Tattva* ruling that sense to an unwholesome degree. Thus the strengthening of one color may be the *extinction* of others, and at least casts an evil shade upon them; and this, of course, affects the whole current of *Prana*, disturbing the *Tattvic* balance. Many diseases, petty and grave, result from no other cause.

The fact must never be lost sight of that spiritual energy differs from physical energy almost as much as does light from darkness. It is not dependent upon these celestial currents of ether which carry the renewing elements of physical matter, but is itself one with that even more subtle force that permits them to manifest on the gross, visible plane. It is the only unchangeable principle within us, the real substance which never disintegrates.

The power to control the physical self and make of it the perfect vehicle it is intended to be for the growth and development of this spiritual self is gained more rapidly by persistent and regular practice of the two exercises I have so far specially commended than by any other system of discipline and study that I know of. I have already advocated this so earnestly and so repeatedly that further word or explanation seems superfluous. Therefore, those who are still in doubt as to the details of practice or the difference between the Alternate Breath and the Held Breath—and the special benefit of each—are referred to the answer to "Rita" in September *Nautilus*.

A typographical error therein makes "hold four to six counts" read "hold 486 counts." I trust no one has tried to do it. Experience has proved this one of the best methods of practicing the Alternate Breath, though the exercise is often taken without holding the breath at all, either in or out.

Interested students will again have an opportunity to test their intuitive knowledge of planetary influences upon the *Tattvas*, for their further correspondence will be continued in the next chapter.

A ST. VALENTINE CONFESSION.

FLORENCE NEWHOUSE FOX.

I love you, dear, and I say it truly
 With candor bold, tho with flushing cheek;
 This heart of mine has become unruly,
 It forces my lips to frankly speak.
 I could not help it, indeed 'twas Cupid
 Who did the wrong 'ere I, aware,
 Could blame the elf for being stupid
 And blindly tripping upon his snare.
 For he's a lad who, gaily leading
 His prey to doom, casts a glamour 'round,
 And there's no praying, there is no pleading
 Will break his fetters when they are bound.
 And so it comes that I love you fonder
 With every breath that my lips impart.
 Though you forget me, or change, or wander,
 I still shall love you with all my heart.

The Nervous System of Jesus

BY SALVARONA.

CHAPTER III.

The motions of Ether forces—on the *outside* of the human body—are therefore capable of a *connection* with the motions of Nervous forces *within* the human body. Hence a condition for mental therapeutic telepathy is established; by *force and motion*.

In the foregoing chapters, I have (in order to make clear the relation existing between his Nervous System, and his Soul) assumed the Soul of Jesus to be geometrically located in the center of the brain of Jesus. Therefore, the distance of his Soul, from the external nerves of his sensations (as extending to all the surfaces of his body) would therefore come within computation. Geometrically, the problem would resolve itself into ascertaining the laws of the curves and angles of the force conducting nerve wires of his body, as related solely to the conduction of the *motions, or vibrations*, of the *forces and energies* of nervous and mental substances. The lines of all his psycho-nervous forces and motions—in his body—would have to be traced inward and upward—through their nerve wires—to the center of his brain. One set running tangent to the whole outer skin; another set of nerve wires running into the brain center, the seat of his Soul, or Sun of Reason. Moreover, by inversely tracing these conducting nerve wires, from the center of the brain, out to their connections with their nerve-organs of Sight, Hearing and Touch—or his Eyes and Ears—it becomes possible to select a number of "*Mortal Mind*" Senses—which, by the fixed positions of their nerve conducting wires, marked the mental solar route of the Sun of Reason, in the physiological heavens of the brain of Jesus. So that,

so far as his brain could throw any light on the *mental and spiritual facts*, obviously the intelligent rays of his Sun of Reason followed the same paths as his "*mortal mind*" Senses.

Moreover, in its mental relation to the body—and strictly on its physiological plane—religious psychology resolves itself solely into a problem for the discovery of the *laws* of nervous and mental *forces and motion*.

* * * * *

People do not understand Jesus, because they do not understand the mental nature of his mind. Or, the *physiological* conditions under which his Mind acted. The teaching of the Science of Mind—as Mind—or Psychology—should be made so universal and thorough in our public schools, that any bright boy or girl—after *ten years* of secondary schooling—could explain the general *mental* laws controlling the *mental* actions of any founder of a religion, writer of a religious book, or supporter of any general religio-social society.

During the latter part of 1906, I wrote to the Commissioner of Education, asking *why*—in any state in America—a boy or girl should be forced to spend the entire first *ten years* of school life, without being taught one solitary idea respecting the nature of *its own mind—as mind*? Does this condition of things exist because our American school boards are *too ignorant*? Or, is it fear? The same reason as that which the whole-souled Archbishop Ryan, in November, 1904, frankly stated to me, viz.: that, his church, was at first "*afraid*" to introduce the study of "*Experimental Psychology*" into her leading American College.

A letter to me, from the Acting Commissioner of Education, September, 24, 1906, shows that *not two per cent* of all the secondary public schools, teach *any* form of the Science of the Mind, or Psychology.

In the meantime the wheel plough of the new thought is loosening up the soil of orthodoxy; and the mental lands of the religious soul are being reclaimed from their natural state of credulity. Albeit this new thought ploughing for a religious seed bed *for another age*, means a most thorough disintegration and cleaning of the psychological religious soil.

The main difference between the beliefs of religious credulity, and the beliefs of religious wisdom lies chiefly in this, *i. e.*, that the faiths of religious credulity are too impatient and hasty, and unanalytical and *unconscientiously* conventional.

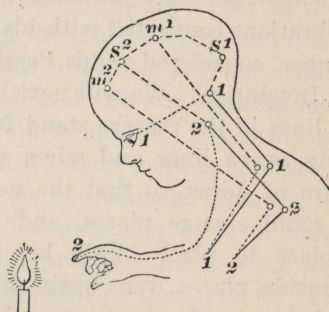
God intends for every soul to mentally revolve on its own psychological axis. Every mind must travel its own zodiac. You shall plough *your own* religious field, sooner or later; notwithstanding the weeds of ignorance have such an astonishing power of reproduction. Drive the plough of a wholesale, healthy introspection through the soil of all your motives and thoughts. Then will your most divine concepts begin to send out fresh fibers into your character; and push the shoots of a new and celestial life into the soil of your own mental land.

* * * * *

THE THREEFOLD VIBRATIONS OF THE NERVOUS FORCES OF JESUS.

In a spiritual, moral, intellectual and religious sense, the wonderful spiritual intensity of Jesus was largely assisted to its *evolution*, by the great *emotional* suffering of his own Soul; and, as caused by his religious contact with those cruel, soul-scorching lit candles of Mosiasm—the Pharisees!

For the sake of clearness I repeat that no experiences whatever—coming to Jesus in the form of spiritual or physical suggestion—could ever be *evolved* that were not first *involved*. Moreover, it is necessary—by a diagram—to show how, and in what ways, his two nerve organs of Sight and Touch were two pre-established Nerve Organs of Involution—through which, and by the means of which, Jesus brought in to his Mind, the varied Suggestions of his experience. The following diagram, therefore, may illustrate how, and in what ways—when Jesus was a baby—the nature of his Mental Hunger and his Nervous Forces of Involution—would be modified by Suggestions on the physical plane. For by proving the truth of his Mental *Involution*, we prove the truth of his Mental *Evolution*.



THE BABY JESUS TOUCHING A CANDLE FLAME.

The diagram was used—without the name of Jesus, of course—by Prof. William James, in his two large volumes of “Principles of Psychology;” a work presented to me by the author some years ago. It was used to illustrate the education of the “hemispheres” of the brain.

The picture is used by me, to illustrate in my way, in what manner the Mental Hunger of Jesus as his Passion of Mental Involution (when first operating on its primary mental plane of Baby Innocent Curiosity) acted as an *inductive moving force*. And to show in what way this *mental* moving force, operated through and by means of the

Involutionary *Nervous* inductive, motor force of Jesus, to bring *into* his Mind a useful, new, informing Suggestion, as to the relative nature of the light and heat of a candle flame. So we will let the *dotted* lines in the picture stand for the inductive, sensory nerve wires running *out* from places in the brain of Jesus, to the tip of his finger, and his eye. Along these nerve wires travel the nervous involutionary forces, as electricity travels along a wire. It runs *out* to the tip of his finger and his eye, in order to send *back* the message to the brain, telling the nature of the Suggestion given by the candle flame. The involutionary nervous force is compelled to run *out* from his brain, to his eye, and the tip of his finger, because it is acted upon by the dynamic action of finer vibrations connected with his Mental Hunger, considered as his Passion of Mental Involution. We will next let the *broken* lines in the picture stand for the changing nerve lines and wires within the brain of Jesus, so that the nervous forces could change places, and travel from place to place inside his brain. These inside places were brain stations made of groups of gray nerve cells. At these places the incoming Suggestions of Touch and Sight were arranged and connected with his inbringing, sorting and building vibrations of nervous force, according to their planes. So we will let the *entire* lines stand for the primary nerve wires, along which ran the *unevolved* nervous forces; ready to pass upward and to be evolved.

We therefore take the figures 1, 1, 1, 1, and 2, 2, 2, 2, to represent the nerve stations where the *unevolved* nervous

forces of Involution operated in the Nervous System of Jesus, at the time that he would—as a baby—first learn the meaning of the Suggestion of the candle flame.

S1 in the picture would therefore stand for the place, high up in the brain of Jesus, where his newly acquired Suggestion—in the new forms of brain pictures resulting from his touch of the flame, and his Sight of its brightness, would vibrate. Other brain pictures connected with his experience with the candle flame would vibrate in connection with nerve stations, and their connecting wires, high up, and, in connection with S2 and M2. By the law of the conservation of Mental Energy, these brain pictures would henceforth *remain* in his Mind, and modify the future nature of his Mental Hunger, considered as the Passion of his Mental Involution. So that on the appearance of a lighted candle, in the future, he would govern his conduct accordingly. Of course, as there would be places in the brain of Jesus where brain pictures of physical objects vibrated in connection with his nervous forces, so there would be places where the brain pictures of his *Spiritual Suggestion* reacted and related themselves to his motor nerves for expression through his lips and tongue, when he uttered his parables.

And, on the same principle, as his inductive mental force *moved* along the nerves from points within his brain *out* to the tip of his finger and his eye, to bring *back* his newly acquired Suggestion—when a baby—as to the true nature of the light and heat of the candle flame. His mental force, moving co-existent with the vibrations of his nervous force.

There are persons who will not accept the most reasonable excuse as equivalent to delivering the message to García. Better assume you are working for that kind and don't want to lose your job.—E. T.

The New Physiology.

WALLACE D. WATTLES.

CHAPTER IV.

SCIENTIFIC LIVING AND HEALING.

Not many things are harder to overcome than the persistent auto-suggestion that life is of material origin, and that vital power comes from food. It takes a great deal of argument to make the average man (especially if he is a woman) understand that his strength is renewed in sleep, and that he grows weaker, not stronger by eating. Possibly not many of the readers of *Nautilus* are firmly grounded in this faith as yet; I shall have to argue it a little further for you, even at the risk of repeating myself.

Let me call your attention, first, to the fact that loss of appetite nearly always accompanies severe sickness. Now, if strength comes from food, why does nature "go back on us" just when we need strength most? Why does she not make the sick man ravenous with hunger, as she does the woodchopper? The latter needs food in large quantities to replace the tissues destroyed by his strenuous toil; he has digestive power, and hunger is given to him. Why should not hunger be given to the sick man, so that he can generate vital power from the food, build up his strength and get well?

The appetite is taken away in severe sickness because nature needs all her power for the work of restoring normal conditions, and there is none to spare for the labor of digestion. The digestion of food is work, and hard work; the sick man's brain has not the power for it. So nature says, "Keep out; we are busy inside; when we are ready for food we will let you know." Sick horses never eat; but sick people—or at least their friends and physicians—seldom have horse sense. When the appetite is taken away it is considered a sign that nature

requires "light" foods; or that the earth should be ransacked for tempting dainties to create an appetite; whereas, nature simply wants to be let alone. Food given when the tongue is coated and the appetite gone is seldom digested; it decomposes, and the condition within the stomach of the unfortunate one becomes something horrible to think about; a putrid, poisonous mass, the dreadful odor of which can often be distinguished throughout a large apartment.

The person who fasts loses weight, but the loss all falls upon those tissues which can best be spared; and even in death by starvation, the brain and nervous system lose no weight at all. That is, the brain *eats up* the other tissues; and death does not come until the skeleton condition is reached, and there is nothing more for the brain to absorb. The brain must be sustained; when there is no other food it draws its nourishment from the body itself. The sick man loses in weight by just this process; and it is the intention of nature that he should do so. I am not speaking of the sick man who *has* hunger, you understand, but of the severely sick one who has none. Nature desires his brain to live on its stored-up resources for a few days; she wants to economize power. And if you feed him he generally keeps right on losing weight; and the more you feed the faster he loses which is proof positive that he does not assimilate food. If he did, how could he lose weight? He lies still, and is not destroying any tissue; if he assimilated food he could not fail to gain in weight. And, I repeat, the patient who is fed generally loses weight and strength faster than the one who eats nothing at all; proving that the disposition of the food is a tax on his energy.

It would be as logical, and as scientific to set the sick man chopping wood as to feed him; working his stomach is as bad for him as working his arms would be.

Even when the sickness is chronic, and there is some appetite, the greatest care should be used not to overeat. Where little or no exercise is taken, the amount of food required is very small indeed, and there is nothing to gain and everything to lose by eating more than is readily assimilated. Very, very many invalids are kept weak and low because their brain power is wasted by overeating; sick or well, if you are eating more than is required to maintain your body you are robbing yourself of vital power, and charging your system with deadly poison besides.

In case of severe sickness, do not offer the patient food nor mention it in his presence; put him in a cool, airy room and make him as comfortable as possible; give him a chance to sleep; do not let him be talked to, or fussed over; keep out the neighbors, the doctor and the preacher; and if the disease is curable, he will get well. The scientific use (or non-use, as the case may be) of air, water, food, exercise, sleep and thought will cure any disease that is curable at all.

Be sure you do not mention food until the sick one asks for it with well-developed hunger. Do not fear that he will suddenly starve to death, and drop off all in a minute when your back is turned. He will starve faster if you feed him than if you do not. Trust nature; when she is ready for food she will let you know.

If the sickness is not severe, and there is little appetite, bear in mind that the way to conserve brain power is to eat no more than is actually demanded, and that a sick person, who exercises little needs very little indeed. One egg makes a pretty fair day's ration for the average sick person—even for one who is "up and around;" and if most of the sick who are trying to eat all they can, and racking their brains and those of their friends to think of "something they can eat," would cut their day's food down to one egg, or its equivalent in weight and value, they would surprise themselves and their doctors by an immediate gain in weight and strength.

Save your brain power, and get strong and well.

Let us now give a little thought to the phenomena we see in the class of diseases called catarrhal—coughs, colds, hayfevers, etc. In many cases an enormous quantity of matter is expectorated or discharged; and the question I wish to press upon you is, Where does it all come from? Clearly, nothing can come out of the body through the mouth, which has not been put into it; and as things are generally put into the body through the mouth, is it not apparent that what is blown out of the head must have gotten into the body by way of the stomach? Is it not an unavoidable conclusion that catarrhal discharges are taken from the food consumed; that they are simply food matter gone wrong? If there is a discharge from the body we know that one of two things must be true; either the tissues are breaking up and coming away, or the discharge comes from the dining tables.

This is the process of "taking cold." A pound of food is needed in the system, and we eat, say, two pounds. Digestion being good, the whole quantity is taken into the blood. Nature has use for only one pound, and she uses that, repairing bone, muscle and nerve. The other pound she has no use for, but it has been forced upon her, and she must dispose of it. She may deposit a little of it on the body in the form of fat, and eliminate more through the kidneys, lungs and skin; but there will still be some ounces left to decay in the blood—for food matter will decay in the blood. So there is a little rotten matter—sewage—left in the blood as the result of that meal. At the next meal the process is repeated; and at the next, and the next. The quantity of decaying waste in the blood gets greater, until at last the arterial flow is like a stream into which the sewage of a city is emptied, foul and thick with decaying refuse, which all came from the dining table.

At last the stream gets so thick that nature must call a halt; she cannot carry on the processes of bodily renewal with that foul blood; it must be purified. So there is a chill; a congestion in some part of the mucous membrane, and the

impurities begin to be strained off. When you take cold you cough up and blow out the surplus food you have been eating; it would kill you if you did not get rid of it. The cold is an effort of nature to save your body from dissolution. It is not caused by drafts or exposure; it is caused by overeating. If you do not overeat you may sit in drafts, or sleep in them, or expose yourself as you please, and you will not take cold. You "catch" cold at the table; you cannot get one anywhere else. That is where we get catarrh, which is a chronic cold. A year of scientific living will cure the worst case of catarrh that ever happened, climate or no climate.

And this is the way the new physiology accounts for catarrh, and catarrhal diseases. You may easily avoid these ills if you only realize that you do not have to stuff yourself with large quantities of food in order to generate vital power. Your life is more than meat. It is not drawn from material things, and food does not contribute to life or strength in any way. You need food only to supply the spirit with material from which to construct a body, and the quantity required is very, very much less than most of you have believed.

Let us talk a little now about "germ" diseases. The people of the city of Chicago have dug great tunnels out under the lake a mile or so, to get pure water. They want to get far away from the water of the river, which is thick with rotting sewage, like the blood of a glutton. There are plenty of disease germs in the river, but none out in the lake; disease germs cannot live and propagate in water which does not contain sewage; and it is also a fact that they cannot propagate in blood which does not contain sewage. If your blood is like the pure water of lake Michigan no disease germ can live in it; but if it is like the Chicago river it will be a breeding ground for any organism that may be introduced into it. This is bed-rock, scientific fact. If your blood is pure you are immune to germ diseases; you cannot have typhoid, la grippe, small-pox or diphtheria, nor can you catch cold. Disease germs can only propagate in impure blood, and blood is made impure by overeating, and by not breathing enough.

How much more sensible and scientific to purify the stream than to try to neutralize the germs by loathsome counter-poisons!

Let me close this article outlining a sane regime of living. We do not need food on arising in the morning. We have slept, and the brain is fully charged with power; there is no demand for food, for there has been no destruction of tissues. No one is really hungry in the morning; the appetite for breakfast is a forced and unnatural one. Most people do not eat breakfast because they are hungry, but for fear of collapse later in the day; they think to store up energy in the stomach against a future need. Drop off the breakfast altogether, and as soon as you get your mind adjusted to the plan you will find that no matter whether your work is mental or physical you can do more of it "on an empty stomach" and do it better. At noon, eat a moderate meal of any plain hearty food that your taste may call for; and eat a very light supper between six and seven o'clock. If you are a brain worker, make your dinner very light also; by "light" I mean small in quantity, not of chaffy materials. Do not bother your head about carbohydrates and nitrogens; eat what you like best. The invalid and the brain worker need exactly the same foods that the woodchopper needs, but not nearly so much. Your taste is the safest guide as to what you shall eat; let it be beans, potatoes, saurkraut, hog and hominy—anything that will stay on a Christian stomach, if you desire it, but not too much! And above all things, *never* eat when you are not hungry.

Life is an energy which is stored in the brain during sleep. If we understand that material food plays no part in the generation of this energy, and govern our appetites accordingly, we shall have perfect health. If we live according to the simple law of life no material thing can harm us. We are spiritual beings; we get our life in the Great Silence, out of which we came. We shall live after we cease to eat, for we do not live by eating now; our physical bodies are kept up by a mysterious power which comes to us while we are unconscious. God is Spirit; and He giveth life to all.

Prayer and Arithmetic.

A Serial Story by Eleanor Kirk.

For Boys and Girls, Young or Old, who may Think they "Can't" Do Things.

CHAPTER V.

FEARS AND TEARS.

At luncheon time the next day there was a real indignation meeting at the great institution which Adele attended. It was all about arithmetic and promotion. Most of the girls in Adele's class were older than she, and as the time drew near for the verdict to be pronounced much apprehension was felt, especially by these older students, one or two of whom had been among the "left-overs" of the previous year.

"I suppose *you* expect to be promoted," said one of these girls with a little sneer in her tone and manner, addressing Adele.

"Not if it depends upon my arithmetic," Adele replied.

"Well, of course it will depend upon your arithmetic," said her companion. "Even my father, who of course never had any trouble with his sums when he was a boy, says he thinks that the Board of Education ought to be ashamed of itself, and that girls should not be expected to know anything more than the multiplication table."

"Why, I didn't know that the Board of Education had anything to do with this school," piped up another girl, her mouth full of layer cake and her eyes red with weeping. "But it doesn't make any difference. It might as well be a board—it is just as hard and just as full of splinters."

Adele laughed heartily at this remark. It was funny, and she had a keen appreciation of anything original.

"Oh! yes, you can laugh," said the weeper, "of course you will slip through somehow. Some girls are so lucky; I

don't believe you have studied any harder than I have, or cried any more than I have."

"I guess I have cried more than I have studied," Adele responded. "You see I liked all my other studies better than arithmetic, and then everybody was dinging into my ears that only boys could succeed in arithmetic"—

"And that's a fact," interrupted another member of the anxious company as she shook the crumbs from her napkin all over the floor with a vehemence which proved some official tidings of her fate.

"It's a lie," said Adele with glowing cheeks, "and the reason we haven't done our sums is because we have believed this stuff. A boy may play ball better than I can, but I don't want to play ball. If I did I'd like to see the boy who could beat me."

There was a moment's silence in the lunch room, and then there was more than a moment's noise. The effect was magical. Even the left-over jelly-cake girl braced up and asked Adele how she would feel if *she* were not promoted.

"Oh! I've settled that," said Adele. "It is like this. I want to go on, but I don't want to slip in as you call it. If I can't be honest I don't want to be anything."

"Nor I either," said another girl, putting her arm around Adele's waist as she spoke. "I guess you can't slip into arithmetic any easier than you can slip into heaven. You have to earn your passage."

"Did you ever hear anything like that?" exclaimed Elsie Bangs, a dear girl who had stood aloof during all this talk, unable to eat her luncheon because of fear of what might befall her.

"I know I shan't pass," the speaker continued, "although my reports have not been so very bad, but mother told me this morning that if I were left back, it would disgrace the whole family."

"And my father said last night," remarked another girl, "that he was going to fix it so that I need not have any arithmetic in my studies next year, whether I was promoted or not—he was tired to death hearing me growl."

"Don't you let him," Adele exclaimed impulsively.

"As if I could hinder him," the girl replied; "but maybe he'll forget it if I get through all right."

"It wouldn't do any good if he did ask to have arithmetic left out," said another girl. "I know, because my mother tried it. I was sick and the doctor said I would have nervous prostration if I worried so about my problems. But that didn't make any difference up here. Mother said they as much as told her to go on with the prostration and they would go on with the school."

There was a general laugh at this and then as they were about to part another of the group offered testimony.

"I think just as Adele does about boys and men having all the arithmetic brains. My aunt is an astronomer and I am up to her house about half the time. You ought to see her figure. She's as quick as lightning. Trigonometry was as easy as pie to her and every other 'ometry. I tell you, girls, when you have to do your sums way up in the sky and string 'em along to all the stars and planets and way down to earth again you are doing something, and then to say that only boys and men are good in arithmetic! It just stirs me all up."

"Maybe some boys are not bright in arithmetic, only it hasn't got out yet," came from another quarter of the room. "Of course you'll pass, Huldah," the

girl added. "I suppose you inherited arithmetic."

"From my aunt?" was the laughing answer. "Well, that is a joke."

"I was reading about Maria Mitchell the other day who was professor of astronomy a long time at Vassar College," said Adele feeling her convictions quite reinforced, "and then there is Mary Proctor," she added. "Why papa read something of hers about the moon aloud to us not long ago. It was lovely, but I didn't think about the figures it took to write it."

"People seldom do think of these things, Adele," said the voice of Miss Harkness, who had heard a little of the conversation, and was much pleased at its tone—"but I came to tell you girls that there will be no session this afternoon."

"So busy deciding our fate, I suppose," said one of the elder girls.

"You have decided that yourselves," the teacher replied with a smile which held a lurking sadness. "Perhaps you will all study harder next year," she added as she passed on.

"I will," said Adele.

"I know you will," was the hearty response.

When Adele reached home she found her mother out and she decided to go straight to her room and see how some of the more recent problems appeared to her now. Her prayer was all the time uppermost in her mind. This seemed strange since it was not answered nor could be now. But a feeling of warmth and safety always accompanied her thought of it. She opened her arithmetic and went to work with a will. She was pleased to find that the few things she had found out the day before seemed clear to her now. She tried a new problem and after working faithfully for fifteen or twenty minutes turned to the

back of the book for the answer. To her surprise and great delight she was only ten figures out of the way. Again and again she went over it, but the obstinate ten would not budge.

When she had done all she could she decided that she would take the example to her father that evening and ask him to show her where she had made that little bit of a mistake, but immediately a better thought prevailed.

"Indeed I will not," she told herself. "It would be like asking somebody to show me to my own house when I was only ten houses away."

Then Adele turned backward the pages of her book and her forehead puckered a little as she caught sight of some of the more simple problems which her father had endeavored to make plain to her. She tried one of these, and immediately struck the same old snag. There was just one place where she did not make the connection. She could not make it now, and yet she was not discouraged.

"I know what the matter is," she told herself with a sudden illumination. "Way back in the beginning of arithmetic I didn't pay attention and something was left out. I guess it's like dropping a screw out of a sewing machine. You have just got to find it or get a new

one. I'll find mine. I'll begin at the very beginning—at two and two make four, and I'll find out what's the matter if it takes me all summer. Poor Miss Harkness," she added, "always saying to me, 'Oh! Adele, if you would only be thorough,' and how provoked it used to make me. But I see it all now."

At this point Annie came to say that the music teacher was in the library, and again there was a slight knitting of the brows.

"More arithmetic!" she murmured; "three-fourths and eighths and sixty-fourths and too many notes for the bars," and then thinking and thinking the dear, obedient child went cheerfully down to her lesson.

Adele had struck the keynote of science, but she was not aware of it. There must be no screws dropped in the science of mathematics or of music, and least of all in the science of life; as in the telephone or the telegraph every connection must be perfect.

Adele realized that she must find the basic principle of mathematics, and she was more than willing to work to that end. But she was yet to understand how she came by the desire to do so. She was sure of just three things—that she felt "all smoothed out," that she was "not afraid of arithmetic" and that she "loved God dearly."

WHEN Trouble comes and all the stars are obscured, Old Thought says: "Ah me! Why was I ever born? I will simply submit to the inevitable and be crushed. It is the only way." But New Thought comes along and says: "The clouds are so heavy I can't see my past. I shall therefore be compelled to do my own shining. I Know if I Love Enough and Shine Enough I Can Illumine this old world; so I'll just begin now and Breathe—and Love and Shine."

—M. G. R.

One of the Secrets

Of Mind and Body Vigor.

BY WILLIAM E. TOWNE.

Get out of the world currents of hurry and worry.

Take a rest.

It isn't necessary to go on a vacation in order to do so.

You can do it *now*, right where you are. It does not matter whether you are washing dishes, working at a desk, hoeing corn, cutting wood, running a typewriter or working at one of a hundred other things.

You can begin *now* to let some of the kinks out of your muscles and give them a needed rest.

The first necessity is to get the strain out of your mind—get the hurry out. If you can get the hurry out of your mind you will find that much of your worry has also departed, and then you will begin to be ready to give your tired, straining muscles a rest.

The most of us form the *habit* of hurry soon after reaching the adult age. The habit never leaves us while life lasts, unless we make a special attempt to oust it and deliberately and persistently cultivate repose.

The hurry habit must be broken up, we must get outside the ruts of hurry and worry which we have formed, if we are ever to take from our tired nerves and muscles some of the unnatural strain which has been imposed upon them.

Just watch yourself for a few moments. We will suppose that you enter a street car. How do you sit while riding? Straight and stiff with a kink in the small of your back? Arms stiff? Legs stiff?

It is quite likely that you may assert that you sit perfectly at ease. In this case it is more than likely *that you do not know what natural relaxation is.* The best example of perfect and natural re-

laxation is a baby. Study a very young child when he is awake and when asleep. Then compare the attitude of an adult under similar conditions. Note the more or less anxious, strained and hurried look on the faces of nine out of ten people in a street car. Their minds are hurrying on to their destinations. They are planning and worrying about their work. *They are going over and over in their minds events already passed and which can by no possibility be changed, and yet they are sapping their energy and vitality in worrying about them.* Nine times out of ten the worry-hurry habit begins over trivial things. Then, as it becomes fixed and chronic the victim naturally attracts cause for worry. He gets into the worry vibration on the slightest provocation and stays there. In this way he saps his own energy in a useless manner, stands in his own light, keeps away success which might otherwise come to him, builds up fretful, nervous, weak brain cells instead of calm, strong ones.

Through repose power is gained. Learn to put only so much energy into your work as is required to properly complete it. When you ride in a street car, or sit in your home, relax mind and body and rest.

This will literally enable you to re-create—re-create—yourself, if you learn to do it properly and form the *habit*, get it as firmly fixed as you have the hurry-worry habit.

Now physical relaxation is comparatively simple to acquire, in some degree, and it will aid you in mental relaxation, just as mental relaxation will take some of the strain from the nerves and muscles.

When you seat yourself in a chair, relax the muscles of your feet and legs.

Remember that the floor is supporting your feet. You don't have to hold them up. And you don't have to *hold* yourself on your chair. You don't have to grasp it with your hands. If you are riding, remember the carriage or car is carrying you to your destination. *You* are not concerned with the process. *Let* your arms rest easily at your sides or on the arms of your chair or seat. If you are writing, don't grasp your pen in a death hug. Hold it just firmly enough to do the work. *Don't keep your backbone too stiff*. This doesn't mean that you need *slump down*. You can sit erect, but don't *hold* yourself there. Learn to *rest* in that position. Many people are not content to *sit* erect, but they mentally *hold themselves there*.

When you go to bed be sure that you relax before going to sleep, to the extent of being comfortable at least. You will find it will help you to do this if you think of your legs as being heavy, and imagine that you roll them around as you would if they were detached logs of wood. Then remember that the bed is supporting your backbone. You no longer need to *hold* it in position, however you may feel about it during the day. Don't *hold* your head on the pillow, *let it rest* there. If you can feel any kinks in any part of your body, let go of them and mentally relax that part of your body.

Remember this: LIFE IS OMNI-PRESENT. You don't have to go around with tense muscles and straining, excited nerves trying to grasp Life and hold onto it.

LIFE LIVES THROUGH YOU.

Stop yourself many times at your daily work long enough to remember that *mental hurry won't help to accomplish your work*.

TENSION OF NERVES AND MUSCLES WASTES STRENGTH. It interferes with the normal circulation of

the blood, if persisted in. It disturbs the adjustment of the various organs of the body.

The restless energy of Americans exhausts their vital forces and nervous breakdowns are the result.

The remedy is the cultivation of repose—repose in everyday life.

Don't say that you cannot take the *time* to cultivate poise and relaxation until repose is natural. You can do it while engaged in your regular work, and it will pay you a thousand times over in peace, happiness, health and success.

The mental power, the grasp of life, the greater freedom that results from the cultivation of repose will surprise you.

Briefs.

By WILLIAM E. TOWNE.



* * * I have observed—on canvas—many a beautiful, inspiring, romantic and heart-twitching pastoral landscape, having a cow in the foreground meditatively switching flies, and a milkmaid—or man—seated on the wrong side of the cow extracting milk which will later—after the addition of fifty per cent *aqua pura*—be used to sustain a famished but confiding public.

* * * You will note with especial care that “the simple life” has developed a muscular arm on this little milkmaid. Also it, or something, has caused her feet to grow until they re-

semble in size the prize squashes at a country fair. And don't forget to observe the charming contour which the absence of corsets gives to her innocent and youthful figure.

* * * I mentioned, a few months back, that artists almost always get their milkmaids on the wrong side of their cows. That a good example of truth in art may be handed down to future generations, our *Nautilus* artist consented to draw a cow and a milkmaid in proper relationship to each other. The result you may see above. I feel reasonably positive that this dainty production will delight the exquisite æsthetic sense and appeal powerfully to the highly cultivated artistic taste of every *Nautilus* reader.

* * * Someone asks me to explain why it is that a cow objects to being approached from the left side. The only reason I can give is that she has always been brought up and educated to look for you on the right side, and she kicks like Satan if you approach her from any other. It pays in all ways to always get on the right side of a cow. Thereby you will avoid hurting her feelings, and possibly getting hurt yourself.

* * * "Is there one American who is a gentleman." This question has been asked me by a dear girl down in the Canal Zone, and was prompted by the fact that I wrote her that she would have to send me eight cents if she wanted her package of books registered. Now, sweetheart, you can't hurt my feelings by such a question. I'm not *very* patriotic, thank heaven (though my heart, stomach and liver do oftentimes heave, flop and throb tremendously while standing under the shadow of old Bunker Hill). I am just as ready to celebrate and shout for the people of India, or for you of the Latin races, as for my fellow Yankees. But I am frank to confess that I have

had business dealings with all these races and can testify that the Anglo-Saxons have a better sense of *value* than any other. They seldom expect you to give them something for nothing unless you advertise to do so. In a word, they are more *businesslike*. Americans may be rude, but that is because they have so much "go" in their makeups. A gentleman is of little value to anyone without the quality of "go."

* * * We are only just beginning to get our second breath after Christmas—and our pocketbook is just recovering a little from the attenuated appearance which always follows the day.

* * * We hardly had time to eat and sleep for a week or two before the 25th. Everyone wanted something *right away*. A few were disappointed, we expect, for mails are slow at this time of year.

* * * Most of the girls stuck to their work in the office like fly paper to a cat, and many a foot of gas was burned after our regular hours in the attempt to "keep up." There were some afternoons in the office when business was ground out so fast that you could almost smell smoke in the atmosphere it was so super-heated with activity.

* * * We've managed to read Scott's "Guy Mannering" in the past few weeks, anyhow. For good story telling, and pure, undefiled, classic English I think Scott is hard to excel.

**"Enter the Path! There is no grief
like Hate,**

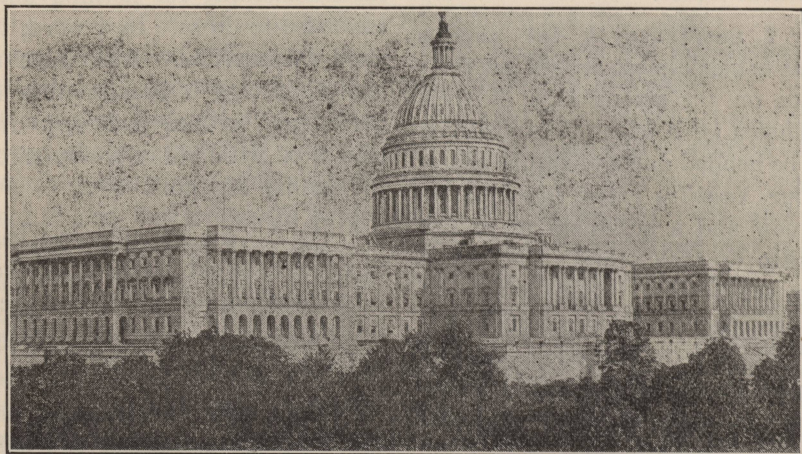
**No pains like passions, no deceit like
sense.**

**Enter the Path! far hath he gone
whose foot**

Treads down one fond offence."

New Thought in the Nation's Capital

BY ELIZABETH TOWNE.



The National New Thought Center of Washington, D. C., is one of the most progressive, as well as one of the oldest New Thought centers in the country. Its president, Miss Emma Gray, was the pioneer worker along these lines in Washington, and she was joined a few years later by Dr. George E. Ricker, of Boston. Together they have built up a very large and useful work at the heart of the nation.

Miss Gray has been working in Washington *twenty years*, and Dr. Ricker *eighteen years*. Think of that—twenty years' work in the new thought, right in one city; twenty years of teaching and preaching and practising in one place, *and the work steadily growing*. That means more work and study than anybody but an old church pastor can appreciate. A traveling lecturer can make a creditable showing with one or two sermons a year added to his original stock of perhaps half a dozen lectures. But people who teach Sunday after Sunday must not repeat themselves. This means *work*. And if the sermons are not acceptable the church or center dies. I take off my hat to Miss Gray and Dr. Ricker whose work is *growing* after twenty years.

Dr. Ricker used to be a Baptist preacher in Boston. He learned Christian Science and finding no chance to use it in

the church resigned and became a regular Christian Science practitioner. But the truth as he saw it soon took him out of the Christian Science ranks. Miss Gray is the daughter of another Baptist preacher, and sister, cousin or niece of several more. She, too, "came out" into Christian Science practice, and later developed from Christian Science a sort of "Christ Method" of her own. She and the doctor have taught New Thought to thousands. The late Lady Curzon was among their students, and more senators, representatives and foreign attaches than a few. So the Miss Gray brand of New Thought must have spread to pretty nearly all the corners of the earth.

The association rooms are located in the business center of the city, at the Washington Loan and Trust building, corner of F and Ninth streets. This is a fine, tall office building in the heart of the city, easy of access, with the association rooms at such an elevation as to exclude all the noise and confusion of the street.

There are four nice rooms, all opening off a large, light private hall. One is a reading room, two are visiting rooms. All the rooms and the hall are tastefully furnished, with potted plants and palms to add to their attractiveness.

The fourth room is called the "Chamber of Peace." It is furnished exclu-

sively in white, white draperies, white furniture, the pictures and peace suggestions on the walls, all framed in white, the books all in white bindings and vases always filled with fresh white flowers,

which by the way, are sent twice a week, as the gift of one of the leading Washington florists, Gude Brothers. The "Peace Chamber" is a retreat free to all, for meditation and regeneration. When you go in you turn a card

Miss Gray.

on the door, which shows "occupied," when the room is in use. When you come out you leave a blessing, turn the card again and go your way refreshed and rejoicing. The room is an appreciated oasis in a desert of business blocks.

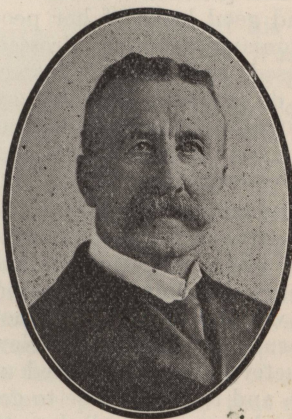
Noonday meetings are conducted daily at the reading room from 12 to 12.30, and a meeting Monday afternoons for questions and experiences. At other times there are private classes and the work of healing. And always there is the reading room, free to all, and the fine circulating library.

Sunday meetings? Yes. But they are too well attended to admit their being held at the association rooms. So every Sunday at four o'clock the National New Thought Center holds a public meeting at Rauscher's, 1032 Connecticut avenue. The lectures are given by Miss Gray, Dr. Ricker and by visiting speakers, with an average attendance of two hundred or three hundred. Rauscher's is the nicest hall in the city, well furnished and near enough uptown to be easily accessible. It is here receptions are given to foreign diplomats and visitors. Prince Henry, of Battenburg's reception was held at Rauscher's. Here the New Thought Convention held its sessions, with Charles Brodie Patterson and many other prominent New Thinkers as speakers, the

Convention being entertained by the National New Thought Center.

And here at Rauscher's came a host of New Thought people to hear the editor of *The Nautilus* on December 2, 1906. There must have been five hundred or six hundred of them—the house full, with all standing room taken and friends turned away who failed to find even standing room.

When I stood up to speak, after the preliminary services and silences my heart rejoiced. To see all those bright, friendly New Thought faces was an inspiration that none but a public speaker knows how to fully appreciate. Such an audience is *fully half* of every good lecture. It is the negative pole, the speaker the positive, and between them is generated such a current of thought as the same speaker couldn't evolve to save his soul, if the audience were sparse and cold. I was truly de-lighted. I didn't say I was glad, "for two reasons; first, because you expect me to say it, and second because it is true." No, I was delighted because the audience was so big and bright and responsive it would surely help me to give them the best New Thought that was in me. And I gave them the best talk I ever made in my life, and did it with freedom, which was another "demonstration" of the power of New Thought for I have spoken



Dr. Ricker.

in public just five times in eight years. And after the meeting scores of people came up to shake hands and tell me they had known me a long time and were delighted, too! Then I was happier than ever.

There were people of all imaginable shades of New Thought in that audience, who came together there for the first time. A score of different New Thought constellations were represented, includ-

ing Christian Science and Spiritualism, each of which ordinarily circles in its own orbit apparently oblivious of all the others. But the fact that they all came out to hear Elizabeth Towne shows that the good will is there and that they *can* and *will* get together if ever a cause appears which is big enough to require concerted action. Until then each center is like a family doing its own family work, but ready to help the other families when a common cause arises.

On Monday, December 3, from four to six, the National New Thought Center gave a hearty reception to Elizabeth and William. We shook hands and visited with several hundred bright faced friends and William enjoyed it as much as I did! I always knew he would, if I could only get him to try such a reception once! He went off the day of the one in Portland, Ore., last year, for fear I would somehow inveigle him into meeting somebody. I think he is sorry now that he didn't stay! So next time we go to Portland—maybe—

Washington is a beautiful, clean city, the nicest we ever saw. And we were charmed with the graciousness and responsiveness and good looks of her people. Washingtonians are well dressed and self-possessed, and never effusive. But if they can do anything for you they see it, and do it quickly, naturally and without effusiveness or ostentation, and without *fear* of ostentation.

One little incident may illustrate my meaning. We were on a street car and wanted to know where to get off to find a first-class department store. We asked the conductor, who by the way was not so trimly uniformed as some of our New England conductors, and he directed us to a large store, and told us where to get off. After he had passed, a well dressed woman rose to leave the car, and stopped long enough to tell us quietly, quickly, that *she* thought So-and-So's was the sort of store we were looking for, and we could find it near the next corner. After she had passed out, a big blue-coated policeman across the car leaned over and said either store was good, but probably the one last mentioned kept more exclusive things. All this information *volunteered*, in the quietest most efficient way, as if the givers were in the

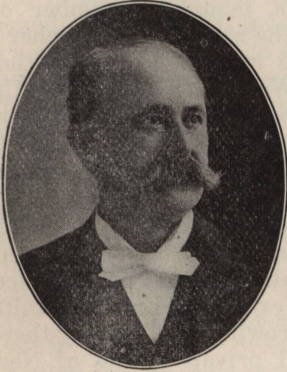
habit of making things easy for people every day in the year. And all said without a single irrelevant remark, or apology for speaking, or even the slightest suggestion of an attempt to make conversation. That is typical of Washington as we saw it. *Example*—*accustomed* to meeting of people and exactly as we t pie in our ow the scissors an them over, thinking any So Washingt bit of inform to notice you no more about there is natu the self-consequence.

And now I come to notice it I believe there is much the same spirit in New York City, tintured perhaps with a little more get-there than you find in deliberate Washington.

One other thing about Washington—a thing we didn't enjoy particularly! They seem to have a chronic vegetable famine. If William and I were as conscientious in our vegetarianism as Adelaide Johnson whose lovely sculpture graces the Corcoran gallery, I'm afraid we'd have fasted in Washington. At the nice boarding house where we staid two nights our vegetables were potatoes and rice! At the big restaurant in the Capitol, where the representatives eat, there was not even a potato on the bill of fare or the table. Nearly every item on the menu was meat, the remainder rolls—delicious ones—drinks and desserts. When Doctor Ricker asked him if they hadn't some vegetables somewhere the waiter stammered and stared as if we had asked for fried elephant's foot or some other African dainty! On the parlor buffet train the only vegetable was canned baked beans! William and I are used to two or three vegetables and a salad, besides our main dish, so you can imagine our state if we eschewed meat rigorously. I can't imagine why Washington and apparently all places south of New York should be so benighted in this regard! Especially as so many Washingtonians live half the year in

other parts of the United States. Mrs. Henderson's vegetarian social dinners we read about must be curiosities, in that city of meat, meat and more meat.

But to get back to our New Thought in Washington.



Bishop Sabin.

a business man and an editor. He began to study Christian Science for the sole purpose of saving one of his friends from its heresies! Mrs. Sabin began studying, too. After a time they found each other out, and discovered themselves converts to the new science.



Mrs. Sabin.

er meeting cured him, and he is still working for the government without the aid of specs. The colonel was so impressed with the new science that he and Mrs. Sabin began to heal and teach everybody who asked. At first, no pay was accepted for their services. Later they became regular Christian Science practitioners.

Oliver C. Sabin is another important New Thoughter of the Capital city, who began as a Christian Scientist, only to grow restive when Mrs. Eddy tightened the reins. Some years ago he was a colonel,

Colonel Sabin's first case of healing was that of a man in the treasury department, who was losing his eyesight, by the doctors condemned to total blindness. One treatment given in a church pray-

But Christian Science laws and some of their practices proved irksome, and eventually they seceded from Christian Science ranks, and set up the Evangelical Christian Science Church, under the direction of Bishop Sabin.

The first church service was held on September 1, 1899. Bishop Sabin presided. On Sunday, at the meeting Wednesday meetings are held with an average morning of one to two hundred body invited.

Besides this Christian Science church, there are many other branches in the city, which corner of the city has pastor and a large number of people. Some of the Sunday services.

And there are many other branches of Colonel Sabin's church scattered all over America and foreign lands, including a thriving propaganda in Australia, and a prosperous church in South Africa.

In the interest of his church Bishop Sabin publishes the *Washington News Letter*. Thereby hangs a tale. Before the bishop's Christian Science days the *Washington News Letter* was a political paper owned by four men of whom Colonel Sabin was one. It was supported by a good list of subscribers who sided with the editor's politics. One day a bill was to be introduced in Congress that found great disfavor with the four owners, and Colonel Sabin was appointed to roast that bill and its sponsors to a turn, in the columns of the *News Letter*. The colonel prayed over that roast. Already Christian Science was transforming some of his views. The resulting article was so full of brotherly love and so lacking in vitriol that it astounded the other three owners and shocked about half the subscribers into shouting, "*Stop the News-Letter.*" The owners took it as a joke, held a meeting and presented the entire stock of the paper to the colonel to do with as he pleased. He pleased to turn it into a semi-religious magazine which eventually became the official organ of the Evangelical Christian Science church.

Colonel Sabin's home and business headquarters are 1329 M street, N. W., where his wife and several other members of his family, and a corps of stenographers assist him in his work.

Another New Thought center is the Temple of Truth at 1228 Sixteenth street, N. W. This was established by Mrs. Florence Willard Day, author, healer and teacher of ten years or more experience. The Temple of Truth was opened Janu-

Mrs. Day.

ary 1, 1904. One of its first functions was a large reception, at which Annie Rix Militz was guest of honor. Mrs. Day says this Temple of Truth is "a center without a circumference," where all people are welcomed in freedom. They have open meetings every Thursday evening, besides many classes at other times. And students, patients and co-workers are received into the Temple as residents, when they so desire. R. C. Douglass has recently come into association with this center, and is at present engaged in giving a course of lessons.

Another New Thought center is at The Albemarle, where public meetings are conducted by Mrs. Sarah A. Clemons, who was editor of that handsome and hapless magazine, *The New Way*, which began in too expensive style to make it possible for it to pay its way. I did not meet Mrs. Clemons, to my regret.

Of course there are regular Christian Science churches in Washington, two of them. One is an offshoot of the other, and they say the split arose as all church splits do, through dissatisfaction of some of the members with the management. Both churches are well attended, with splendid large Sunday Schools for the children.

There are also several Spiritualist societies in our capitol city, the first and largest with an average attendance of one hundred and fifty to two hundred, lead by Mr. F. A. Wood. Another Spiritualist society, under the leadership of Mrs. Farrow, meets somewhere on Ninth street. This is all we could learn about the Spiritualists, though a number of them attended the meeting at Rauscher's and one offered to send us information regarding the Washington societies. Up to January 1, no such information has arrived. Visiting Spiritualists can doubtless find Mr. F. A. Wood's address in the city directory.

We found in Washington a much larger and more stable New Thought propaganda than I had any idea existed there. And on every hand we were told, "The work is growing." They say there are many small private circles of New Thought teaching there, in addition to the centers named in this article. Of these no definite account can be given here because we were not in Washington long enough to come in touch with the teachers, and the people who told us about them spoke from hearsay and could remember no exact names and addresses.

It is easy to obtain statistics in regard to Christian Science because of their magnificent church organization and publicity department. By asking Alfred Farlow, Boston, Mass., you can learn anything about any Christian Science church in the world.

Mrs. Eddy's ideal of compelling everybody to keep mum and listen to her is what makes this organization possible. There is no arguing in Christian Science. If anybody gets a little different view of Christian Science than the one he was taught he keeps it strictly to himself as long as he stays in the church. Everybody sinks his personal opinions and ideas for the good of the church. In this way a vast body of people is enabled to stand together as one, each individual silencing his small differences and turning his thought upon Main Principles, upon which all can agree. This makes for *oneness* of the people.

But outside the Christian Science church all New Thinkers are inclined to take the big principles for granted and spend their time arguing on matters of

individual view. Mr. A differs with Mrs. Eddy on *this* point; if he *can't* keep his views to himself, he secedes from the church—or is fired—and begins to teach his views of Christian Science to all who will listen. So a "New Thought center" is started. Mr. B learns of Mr. A, and then he sees something that Mr. A overlooked. Then Mr. B goes out from Mr. A's classes and begins to teach *his* views, forming another little center of "New Thought." So Washington has two large Christian Science centers which are practically one. In addition it has innumerable "New Thought centers" of all sizes scattered all over the city, each teaching the same truth with individual differentiations. Besides these there are scattered in between an "unknown quantity" of individuals who are adherents of neither Christian Science nor New Thought centers, who are individual centers with no circumference beyond their own families and personal intimates.

According to my best judgment of the situation, the two Christian Science churches in Washington have larger attendance than any one of the distinctively New Thought centers, and for this reason they make a bigger showing before the world. But when you reckon all these New Thought centers, Bishop Sabbin's churches, the National New Thought Center's services, Mrs. Day's meetings, etc., you find the distinctively New Thought people far exceeding in number the Christian Scientists.

And these scattered centers, with the truth presented in a hundred different lights, by all manner of people and for all manner of people, ought to exert a wider *real* influence and reach many more persons than could *any* single organization.

Suppose there were *just one* church in Holyoke, instead of fifty or more. Would the attendance of that one include all the church going people of Holyoke? Of course not. No one church or person could possibly state the truth so as to gain the assent of *all* hearers. So we need innumerable centers with many points of view.

This is just why we have so many churches—to reach so many kinds of people! And we have so many New Thought centers for the same reason.

May we have *more* centers, more styles of teaching instead of less, until at last each individual is a conscious center—until no man need say to another, "Know God," for *all* shall know him, from the least even unto the greatest.

EDITORIALS

BY ELIZABETH.

STOOD UP AND SAT DOWN. I wondered what Helen Wilman's friends would say about my editorial in regard to her. The first one who mentioned it says she is "*so glad* I stood up for poor Helen."

The next one sent me a regular roast for *criticising* Helen!

Evidently her friends, and they are many, are about equally divided as regards whether I "stood up" for Helen Wilmans, or "sat down" on her.

I didn't intend to be ambiguous in my remarks. Helen Wilmans is a splendid woman who has done great good to many people, and has never intentionally wronged one person out of a dollar. Of this I am sure. But she has made mistakes; she has at times failed to live up to her own teachings, *even as you and I*. My article affirmed my faith in her, and my idea of the causes of her "downfall."

Hattie B, who lived three years in Seabreeze, writes a regular tirade of defense of Helen and dares me to print it. The letter does greater credit to Hattie's good heart than to her powers of discrimination and judgment. It denies things vehemently in one paragraph and admits them in the next. The whole letter merely confirms my view as expressed in *January Nautilus*.

I suppose I've had *hundreds* of letters, urging me to express my views as to the "cause of Helen's downfall." I've even been called hard names, *real* hard ones,

for keeping silence. Some wanted me to defend her and abuse the Post Office Department and Madden and the M. D.'s. Others wanted me to roast Helen as a fraud.

I said nothing. Because I knew there were things to say on both sides—as there always are—and if I said anything I'd say it *all*; and if I said it all before Helen's case was finally settled something or other *might* be twisted around and made to work influence against her somewhere. It was wisest to keep mum.

Some people abused me for keeping mum—I didn't mind, and haven't the slightest remembrance now who did it—and said if I got into such a mess I'd want other publishers to champion me. I wouldn't. I didn't when I *did* get into a mixup with Uncle Sam. Several editors wrote at that time asking me for particulars so they could help me roast Comstock, Uncle Sam *et al.* I thanked them and replied that I had no intention of roasting anybody, and didn't want others to roast 'em on my account. I was conscientious, so was Uncle Sam, and we'd not fight each other but come to an amicable adjustment of our differences. And we did. I learned my little lesson, and that was the end of it.

But Helen elected to fight. She didn't "*agree quickly*" with her adversary, so he, being stronger than she, made her pay pretty nearly "the uttermost farthing." The only thing that kept her from paying that—in the form of a prison sentence—was that *agreeing* with the adversary at the last, "pleading guilty" and praying clemency.

I know two other people, one in the East, the other in the Middle West, who got into trouble on the same charge as Helen. I advised both to *agree quickly*, show Uncle Sam they *meant* to be square and honest, and revise their business methods to meet Uncle Sam's approval. They did so, and both are still doing business by mail.

I advised Ida Craddock to the same effect, but she, too, was a fighter. She took her own life to avoid paying this uttermost farthing demanded of her.

Albert Chavannes advised me to "*agree quickly*," otherwise I might have fought and gone the way of Moses Harman, for in the excitement of the moment, I, too, came near forgetting my *principle of life, to wit:*

That all the world is my friend except as I SET MYSELF against it.

THAT ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD.

That to AGREE quickly with mine adversary is to dispose him to deal as kindly as possible with me.

In other words, I was so worked up over Uncle Sam's outrageousness in objecting to anything I wrote, that I forgot the Law of Non-resistance was to be my law of LIFE. In the excitement I reverted back to the old human law of resistance. Albert Chavannes reminded me of the true law. That saved me from a "downfall" at that time.

But Helen wouldn't be saved—she was bound to fight.

I say unto you that the Law of Non-resistance is not only Christ science; it is common-sense.

CAUSE OF RHEUMATISM, ETC. One man wants to know if I don't think Helen's state of mind had more to do with her present rheumatic condition than her habits of eating. I certainly do. But if she had lived more plainly and exercised and breathed more fully she could have stood greater mental disturbance without serious results. I am sure of it.

Hattie B says Helen's rheumatism is due entirely to the mean way her so-called friends have treated her! Presumably Hattie means that all the people who have not bit and clawed the Post Office Department, etc., in Helen's defence are jealous of Helen and send her malicious thoughts that manifest in rheumatism. To me this is nonsense—though

Colonel Sabin and the Eddyites would look upon it as quite reasonable and natural. I believe, and Helen used to affirm emphatically, that other people's thoughts cannot work ill to you unless you are negative to them. In other words, if I think evil at you the thought falls harmless without penetrating your aura, unless *you* begin to recognize my evil thought and *pay me back in kind*.

Fret and resentment and mental impatience generate a poison in the system, which eventually manifests in rheumatism and neuralgic troubles. The stronger constitution you have the more of this poison you can throw off. *Provided* you don't keep your strength taxed to the utmost in digesting too much right food. The more you tax your energy taking care of unnecessary food the less you will have with which to throw off the effects of fret or any other unhappy thinking. This to me, is the whole thing in a nutshell.

We have a housekeeper who is nervous, high strung, and a vegetarian. For years she suffered from neuralgia. Through New Thought she outgrew the trouble. But once in a while, yet, something disturbs her mental poise, and *every time* she allows herself to be so disturbed the neuralgia crops out—to be very quickly dispelled again along with the fret. She is so sensitively organized that her body registers instantly her mental state. But if this woman ate heavily, instead of being a very light and careful eater, it would take her much longer to generate power enough to throw off the poison of fret.

METHODS OF GOING INTO THE SILENCE. Won't you please ask the readers of *Nautilus* who have learned to go into "the silence" successfully to tell the rest of us their way of doing it?

I think their experience would be of much help to the unsuccessful ones.—J. A. NOYES, Littleton, N. H.

That is a bright idea. What suggestions have our readers to offer for mutual

help? What were the successful methods *you* used in going into the silence? Tell the rest of us, and we'll tell you our methods. To the writer of the best, most helpful short letter on this subject we will send his choice of any of our publications to the value of \$2.00 just for the trouble of writing it out. And the grateful thanks and good will of all our 100,000 or so readers will fly straight to every one who can help us in this matter.

Write your silence ideas on sheets of paper all by themselves. If you mix them up with orders or *anything* else the chances are they will get switched off into the Macey files and never reach the printer.

EXPERIENCE MEETING.

And here is another bright idea. Matie Warner, of Seattle, suggests that we have an old-fashioned experience meeting in every number of *Nautilus*, and tell each other how we got hold of New Thought, and what helped us, and how much good we have derived from it. She thinks it would prove most interesting and helpful.

I know it, and I'd love to do it. And I've a pigeonhole full of perfectly splendid experiences, awaiting just such a little family experience meeting.

But!—I haven't the space to print them. What shall I do? Drop out some of our contributors? I can fairly hear the howl that goes up at such a suggestion! Well, then, drop out some of the special departments? Or curtail the editorials? *No*, you all say. Cut down the advertising? Can't do it and live.

I'll whisper something to you—I've learned it by experience, other people's as well as my own: *No unsubsidized magazine can live at all without advertising*—NOT ONE in all the United States has ever done it. And if it tried to Uncle Sam would immediately take away its "second class privileges," and put it in the list with "books, circulars,

etc.," which would compel you to pay eight times as much postage per ounce as you pay now. You'd quit taking a magazine then, and the publisher would quit taking anything but the crumbs from Lazarus' table.

No, a magazine *must* have a certain amount of paid advertising or get off the earth. And a publisher can enlarge his magazine just as fast as the amount of advertising will permit *and no faster*. Unless he is subsidized—unless somebody puts up the money in return for editorial support of something or other. They say many newspapers are owned like this. And they publish advertising, too!

And the amount of *good honest paid* advertising a magazine can get depends upon its circulation. The big "general advertisers" like Pear's Soap and Prudential and Bon Ami *et al.*, won't even look at a magazine or paper that has less than 100,000 circulation per issue proven. That is why a magazine of 28,000 or so circulation, like *Nautilus* can't get a great bunch of advertising like *McClure's* or *Harper's* or *Cosmopolitan*, and because they can't get it they can't print so much reading matter either.

By the way, look at any of those magazines. Count the ad pages and compare with reading pages. They print one to three times as many advertising pages as reading pages. *Nautilus* prints *two to three times as many reading pages as advertising*. The big magazines clear probably *ten times* as much money on a given number of magazines as *Nautilus*. All on account of the advertising.

The more advertising there is the more and the better reading matter the publisher can afford to give.

The larger the circulation, the more advertising the magazine can get.

A few ultra-spiritual—or pseudo-spiritual—folks object to "so much ad-

vertising." But those same people will not put up the price necessary to keep in existence a magazine that prints no advertising. Look at that handsome *New Way* published a few months at Washington. I knew it would peter out—*couldn't live unless subsidized by immense wealth*. It would take 10,000 subscribers paying at least \$2.50 or \$3.00 a year to run a magazine like that without advertising. And not one of you New Thought folks or any others would pay it unless you happened to be personal friends of the editor willing to give her the money. Why, *Nautilus printing bill alone* is \$800 to \$1,000 per month. And that *New Way* would cost more for the same number of copies.

The fact is that you, the subscriber, pay less than the actual cost of printing, on most of the magazines you take. The postage, clerk hire, folding, wrapping, editors, managers, contributors, pictures, etc., are all paid for by the advertisers, including the publisher's book advertising, etc., if he has such, as nearly every one of the great magazines have. In other words, the publisher runs a book business and an advertising department that helps his magazine to live *without your paying what the magazine is really worth*. *Harper's* might be able to support itself without advertisers or a book business if its 400,000 subscribers paid \$25 or \$30 a year per subscription, but I doubt it.

The main cost of producing a magazine is borne by the advertisers, *not* the subscribers.

And by Uncle Sam.

Years ago wise old Uncle Sam decided that he would make it as easy as possible for his boys and girls to gain knowledge, without attending expensive colleges. He could see no better way to do this than to encourage publishers by carrying periodicals at a very low postage rate. So Uncle Sam said that all periodicals not

"published primarily for advertising purposes," as common circulars and catalogs are, should be carried in the mails at the nominal rate of one cent a pound, which is *one-eighth* of the rate charged on books and circulars. A copy of *Harper's* costs about one cent postage. A book of equal weight costs eight cents. Uncle Sam passed this law for the express purpose of helping the publisher furnish good reading to the people as cheaply as possible.

And the publisher has been doing his part nobly, as I have just explained to you. He makes the advertising pay not only that postage but about all the other expenses of getting out the magazine, asking you, the subscriber, to pay only just about enough to bring him out whole on his printing bills. Publishers have vied with each other in giving big magazines for little money until it comes to this.

All for the cause of education. Uncle Sam helped the publisher and the publisher is giving it back to *you*, good measure, pressed down, shaken together and running over. And more to follow.

Who can estimate the tremendous educative power of periodical literature? Even the cheapest and trashiest of it is *practically the only educational power in millions of homes*.

The advertisers and Uncle Sam make it possible for Lewis, of St. Louis, to send that good little *Woman's Magazine* at ten cents a year into 1,250,000 homes, in many of which a more expensive journal would never enter.

It is the advertisers and Uncle Sam that make *Nautilus* possible at \$1.00 a year.

And it is you, the subscriber that makes the advertising possible.

So, now. If you don't want to cut out anything that is now in *Nautilus*, and yet you want more things, the way

to accomplish it is to help increase the subscription list!

You've been helping us right along—that's why *Nautilus* has been growing and improving. *All thanks to its friends*. But now I'm hoping we'll enthruse still more and do great things together, in this year 1907, the year of great publicity and the survival of The Best. Let's make *Nautilus* the best.

And, incidentally, note that \$30.00 cash prize offer on page six.

And to help *Nautilus* know how to improve fill out that blank vote on page six and send it in. I do want a *good full vote* on those matters, to help me in doing the very best with our magazine. Will *you* help me?

Here is a question that **WHAT ARE BODIES FOR?** some of our readers may be able to answer. If so we would be glad to hear what they have to say. To me the writer's question seems to hint at its own answer—"do we need our bodies"—

Here is her query:

Why is it that in our dreams we do things we would never even think of doing when awake? Even such *horrid* things that the dream brings us back to wakefulness. Do we need our bodies to keep our spirits from doing abhorrent things? Or have we two spirits, one for night and one for day?—MRS. NELLIE MCCALLUM.

A PARAPHRASE FROM SALVARONA. Salvarona must be a modest fellow, for he was so enthused by my article on "Self-Consciousness," in January number, that he breaks into Holmes' poetic vein to this effect:

Build thee a more Splendiferous Gall, oh my Soul!

As this New Year Shall Roll!

Leave thy Humble Pied old Past!

Let each new Daring-Gall, nobler than the last, Shut thee from Fear and Dread with a Gall more vast;

Till thy gall act quite free,

Leaving thy outgrown Fear by Life's unresting sea!

THINGS THAT MAKE FOR SUCCESS.

A Correspondence Department.

Conducted by the Editor.

If you have discovered something that makes for success, or if you have seen some one find and surmount, or remove an obstacle to success, let us hear about it.

We hope to publish herein many bright thoughts from our readers, each over the name of the writer, unless a nom de plume is substituted.

Letters for this department, which must not be too long, should be plainly written, on one side of the paper only, and should not be mixed up with other matters of any description.

To the writer of the most helpful success letter published (as a whole or in part) in this department of each number of the magazine, we will send THE NAUTILUS for two years, to any address, or two addresses, he may designate.

To the writer of the best letter or portion of a letter printed in six months, we will send \$5.00 in money in addition to the subscriptions. Prize winners announced in number following publication of their letters.

—EDITOR.

Letter No. 53.

I have been a daily observer of a dear friend, who has grown from a life of bitterness, despondency and loss of faith in *all things* into a beautiful life of faith, love and beauty, by the constant application of New Thought principles—*held before him by one who loves him.*

His health has improved, he is now fitted for a successful business life and like the chambered *Nautilus*, he has outgrown his small shell into a fuller, larger life and found through *suggestion* the fulfillment of the power of New Thought that points the way to success.—May L. Day, Chicago.

Letter No. 54.

Your strongest thoughts, be they fine or otherwise, are continually casting pictures upon the hidden walls of the mind. By these pictures your success in life is determined. The actions of your life depend upon the quality of the pictures which are held before the mind's eye. The most successful life begins in quietude. Be quiet enough to listen to your soul's whispered desires, and you have started on the upward road. When the inclinations of the soul are closely followed, there are few mistakes made.

Be temperate in all things, physically, mentally and spiritually. Selfishness is the greatest obstacle in the way of a successful life. Be wise enough to overcome it. Envelop yourself with the mantle of purity, truthfulness and love.

When you have gained the heights of success you will wonder how you did it so easily. I will tell you: Love oiled the wheels until

they rolled along without jar or friction.—Sarah Jane Deadwick, Carlinville, Ill.

Letter No. 55.

One of the things concerning which the ideas of men have changed considerably in the last few years, is the true reason or cause of success or failure. And when I speak of success, I mean what the world commonly calls success, the criterion of which is the possession of wealth, place, fame or power. Truthfully speaking, one's life may rightly be considered a success if he has helped but one person to live the larger and the better life, or if he has brought sunshine to but one human heart. But no life can be truly considered successful, in heaped and rounded measure, if in the many opportunities all around us, we have not succeeded in gaining a competence.

When we were children, we were invariably taught that we could achieve fame and fortune by adhering to certain fixed and narrowly laid down rules for guidance. We were taught that if we studied diligently, cultivated good habits, were obedient to our superiors, worked hard and saved our money, we would be as certain of success as we are of life. How all this has changed now. Close observers will notice that hard workers do not always succeed, even though they go at things methodically and with system, while often those who have little or no education, and who blunder along in a sort of haphazard way, with no fixed plan or method, occasionally succeed in carving their way to place and power. There must be some reason for this. Wherein then is the explanation?

Our destiny is indeed written in the stars, and it may be utterly impossible for us to accomplish certain things because they are not in our lives. Then there are prenatal causes which may determine many of our moods, our mental state and tendencies. Blood will also tell and the stream of heredity diverts the life of the being, into which it flows, even as the ocean currents preserve their identity in the briny deep. Then there are our environments, our surroundings. Do we govern them or do they govern us? They probably govern us in the degree that we are weaker than the influences that we allow to control us. But if we

are stronger than these influences, then we overcome them and make for ourselves opportunities which lead us on to fame and fortune. Some people make their opportunities, others are made by them; but in the case of most people, it is a little of both. Life is the culmination of such a complicated mass of intricately woven influences, of such contradictory and apparently opposed circumstances, that it is sometimes a difficult matter to determine our true relation to them or their real effect upon our own efforts. Though our destiny is written in the stars, we must remember that everyone is greater than his own horoscope and can to a certain extent become the architect of his own fortune. So can we all to a certain extent overcome the evil influences that would thwart our efforts and with the opportunity at hand and the will to improve it, we may reach heights seemingly unattainable.—L. P. Smith, Toledo, O.

Letter No. 56.

Selfishness and strife are the keys that LOCK the way to successful attainments.

When we overcome our selfish motives and begin to realize that we are heirs of all things and that the All Mighty is no respecter of persons or things, then we will quit striving for material gain. Then we receive remuneration from our work because we *love to work*. Not because of the fear of poverty, nor for the sake of hoarding money for self-gratification.

The Nazarene said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," and all these things shall be added unto you. What things? All things both temporal and spiritual. Temporal things because we become contented with what we have. Spiritual things, because our minds are receptive to wisdom. *Let* your light shine is the command. Do not *make* it shine. Four years ago I was full of doubts and fears, dark clouds hung over me, financially. The crash came. I went to the bottom. Since then I have been studying and practising New Thought principles, and my mind is greatly renewed. Am taking things easier, which I find is making for success. Last year I made twice the money I had made in any of the ten previous years. I attribute my success to my own unselfish efforts.—W. B. Bain, Cumberland, I. T.

Letter No. 57.

There are many IDEALS as also many ideas of success. About the greatest success I can think of is to succeed *with oneself through oneself*,—OVER oneself.

We have often heard it quoted that, "He that ruleth his own spirit is *stronger* than he that taketh a city."

So when we find in our nature the undesirable qualities of selfishness, irritability, quarrelsomeness, envy, hatred, unforgiveness, self-will, love of ease and pleasure, etc., etc., ruling our lives, we certainly find sooner or later that we are unsuccessful and UNHEALTHY.

We begin to see, that the undesirable must be uprooted and got rid of, and the *desirable* planted in its place. We earnestly practice doing unto others as we would have them do unto us. Where we used to be irritable, we take pains to be patient. Instead of quarreling, we agree (or else keep a still tongue). Instead of envying anyone's possessions we rejoice with them, and are as glad for them, as if it really were ours. Instead of hatred, we love all with all our heart. And all that in any way have wronged us, we pray for, as Christ did, "Father forgive them, they *know not* what they do." And instead of self-will, we pray with all the earnestness of our soul, "Father, not as *I* will, but as Thou wilt." Instead of ease and pleasure, doing the will of God from the heart. Where we used to be lazy and careless, we are now industrious and painstaking, and where there was avarice and greed, we now use hospitality without grudging, and give freely of our substance and help as far as possible, and as much as we are able, where help is needed. And "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are just, honest, pure, lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise we *think on these things*." And surely success and health follow us—and catch up with us.—Lisetta Thomas Robinson, Cannelton, Ind.

Letter No. 47, in January *Nautilus*, written by Fred A. Small, made a great hit with our girls who *all* voted for it! This is the first time they have agreed on the prize letter, and I think their agreement on this particular one shows them a pretty sensible, bright, aspiring lot of girls. Don't you? Some of the other January letters were good, but this No. 47 was really the most practical, and contained some admonitions that our girls all try to live up to. Congratulations, Fred. Where shall we send your two subscriptions?

By the way, don't get anxious because *your* Success Letter has not yet appeared. It will come in due time. I have *hundreds* of splendid letters just crying for utterance, and yours will come as nearly in turn as I can bring it. And this does not mean we have no room for more letters. Am delighted with the interest taken in this subject, and every letter is read with pleasure and gratitude. Send more. In due time all will appear, for the joy of our 100,000 or so readers.—E. T.

The Way the Wind Blows

Friends, the Wind Blows toward the new heaven on earth! We are all waiting that way. If you are not TOO BUSY you can see such indications all about you every day. And every paper and magazine you pick up contains little straws that show it! Here are a few the editor and some of our friends have culled while reading the daily papers and weekly reviews, etc. We shall be glad to have our readers keep an eye out for other Straws that show the way the Clean Wind blow, sending us any items they may think suitable for this column of very brief mention.—E. T.

"Loyal sisters are common enough, but now and then one stands by her brothers in such a conspicuous way that she commands attention. Such a sister lives in Worcester, Mass. Her brother has a newspaper route, and earns enough by his work night and morning to clothe himself. When the order providing that no boys under ten years old could sell or deliver newspapers went into effect in November, he was a month under that age. His older sister took out the license, and delivered the papers herself until the boy's birthday came round. Then he obtained his license and resumed his work. That is the kind of a girl that makes her mother proud."—*Youth's Companion*.

"Senator Beveridge will introduce today a bill to prohibit carriers in interstate commerce from transporting or accepting for transportation products of factories and mines which employ children under fourteen years of age. The bill is to go into effect six months after its passage. The second section enacts that no products of any factory or mine shall be accepted for interstate transportation until the owners or agent of the factory or mine producing them 'shall file with said carrier an affidavit' that the factory or mine has complied with the provisions of the act. The form of the affidavit is to be prescribed by the Department of Commerce and Labor. The affidavit must be renewed every six months, and each affidavit must show no children under fourteen have been employed for six months prior to the making of the affidavit. The penal clause provides a fine upon the agent of the carrier violating the law of not more than \$10,000 nor less than \$1,000, or imprisonment from one to six months. Fine and imprisonment are also provided for those who make false affidavits."—*Boston Post*, December 3, 1906.

"An admission on the part of four professors of Columbia University that they are sympathetically interested in Socialism is causing a big stir and much comment today among the conservative friends of the institution. Officially Columbia is not furthering these teachings, but there is talk among the students of forming a league. The further fact that members of the faculty leaned to its doctrines has been displeasing to the older of the alumni. Those who admit their 'sympathy' particularly in the matter of various reforms, are Prof. Franklin

H. Giddings, of the department of sociology and civilization, Prof. Charles A. Beard, of the department of history, Prof. James T. Shotwell, who teaches mediaeval history, and Prof. John Dewey of the department of philosophy. Prof. Giddings is one of the faculty also of the department of sociology and civil institutions whose teachings are advocated by Upton Sinclair and Julius Hopp. Both Prof. Giddings and Prof. Beard vote the Socialist ticket when they believe the situation demands it. In the recent campaign the first named made speeches for Morris Hillquit, the candidate for congress and recognized leader among the Socialists. Prof. Giddings said he did not teach Socialism, but is interested in it."—*Press Dispatch*.

Here is a copy of the platform of "The Roosevelt Third Term National League," headquarters Tribune building, Chicago. Evidently there is to be systematic and determined effort to make Teddy continue for another four years the good work begun against graft and greed. Good! Success to the League. Nobody but Theodore Roosevelt has ever shown such rugged honesty, coupled with good sense and executive ability in public service. In another four or five years we shall have others nearly if not quite as well set in the right way, as Roosevelt—I'd hate to think not. But just now there's nobody but Teddy, and he mustn't fail us or we might slump back into our old habits of indifference to graft. In the interests of the public habit of political and trust honesty we must have Theodore at least one more term. Tell him so, and vote him in willy nilly. And just that little bit of example of hanging onto the one man who has proved his political honesty above all others in public office will make some of our public wabblers brace up and stand firmly for the right hereafter.—*Elizabeth Towne*.

In Oregon they are preparing to change that chronic condition of car shortage which Harriman pleads as the cause for not moving crops. A double back action demurrage bill is to be passed by the Oregon legislature—and they say it will certainly pass—whereby Harriman's demurrage rule-shoe will be fitted to his other foot. He has a rule whereby any shipper who orders a car and then keeps it more than 24 hours for loading, must pay \$10.00 a day for overtime. That rule is to be one clause of the new demurrage law. The other clause provides that when a shipper sends in a call for a car to be loaded Harriman—and all other railroads, of course—shall have 24 hours in which to get that car onto the siding in front of the shipper's place of business. For every day's delay in supplying any one car the railroad must pay \$10.00 to the shipper. The Oregonians say if Harriman, who has them by the throat now, can buy billions of dollars worth of railroads he can properly equip what he already has, and that his old cry that "the carmakers can't fill his orders for more cars" won't go down any longer, for if Harriman can buy railroads he can build cars himself if he can't get others to do it for him. This is a righteous law that other states are already preparing to pass and enforce.

THE FAMILY COUNSEL.

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion."

A DEPARTMENT OF
CONSULTATION AND SUGGESTION.
CONDUCTED BY ELIZABETH TOWNE.

In this department I will try to reply to the 1001 odds and ends of life-products and home interests which are presented to me, answers to which are not of general enough interest to make them suitable for the regular reading pages of *The Nautilus*. Every reader is welcome to what advice and suggestion I can give, and I sincerely hope that with the aid of this department we can reach and help many more people. Welcome, all!—ELIZABETH TOWNE.

F. A. S.—That will pass too. *Let it.* It is better for you to love and lose than never to love. Love is for the lover's good. So keep on loving and never mind what another does. Unrequited love was and is the beginning of all good and joy, in millions of lives. *Accept* what comes, and be at peace. *It is good,* and later you will see it and be glad.

F. L. M.—The only way out of poverty and debt is to quit making debts, make the most of what you do have, and *think opulence.* In your present state of mind you attract poverty and unpleasantness! Change your mind and you will attract other things. *Look on the unseen which is eternal, and imagine wealth, health and happiness until they manifest.* What you can imagine is more real than the dollars you desire. Be still and know.

E. L. L.—My dear girl, I don't know a thing more about how to keep your hair from turning gray and falling out than I have already written in *Nautilus* and "Practical Methods." These ideas represent the acme of my knowledge on that line thus far, and under those practices my own hair is gaining, very, very slowly, but surely. In all but color. The grayness seems to be checked, but that is all. *But I am still working on the same lines,* and hope for ultimate success. For about four years I have been giving my hair a vigorous pulling every night and morning, *a la MacFadden.*

C. E. S.—The Yogi people "do not accept the Bible" as we do simply because they have a Bible of their own. And, by the way, you will find exactly the same teachings in the Hindu Bibles that you find in ours. Even the Golden Rule, in a negative form, appeared in oriental Bibles hundreds of years before Christ. "Do not unto others what ye would not they should do unto you," said Confucius. Jesus put that into the positive, "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you." Confucius' maxim says, "Do no harm," while Jesus' says, "Do no harm, but *do good, too.*" Of course I prefer our Bible to the Hindu's, but I have read enough of theirs to show me that we are all worshipping the same God and trying to live up to the same high ideals. *

* Most assuredly allow your daughter of twenty to read *any* book that is good for you.

And don't you think she is old enough to choose her own books? She is an individual, you know, and different from you or *anybody* else. She can quite likely get good out of many things you would not care for at all. Trust her to the spirit which is working in you both.

A. S. T. H.—I certainly *do* consider Miss Fletcher's "Rhythmic Breath" ideas "safe." Whoever told you that "a great deal of the insanity of today can be traced to Yogi breathing" is badly misinformed, or has been scared by some occultist who objects to having these "secret doctrines" made public. I used to be scared by just such rumors. But I have practised breathing exercises for about ten years or so, and in all that time I have never known of *one* person who practised such things being mentally unbalanced. As I have been in touch with possibly *hundreds of thousands* of people in that time, through *Nautilus*, I think I would have heard something about it if there were any truth in such statements. "They say" is no authority. When people make such sweeping assertions demand proofs. *Right here* I will ask our readers if they know of a single *authentic* case of insanity resulting from Yogi breathing or any other. I know of *one* new thought woman who became unbalanced through spiritualism and the ouiji board. I have known of two others who accepted new thought in the hope of being cured of nervous prostration and the sanitarium habit, who afterward went mildly mad and their anti-new-thought relatives wrote me that it was all due to the new thought. One of these is now healed—by new thought; the other I lost track of. I knew, personally, another woman who set herself up for a sort of Christ, shut out the world, fasted forty days, became partly unbalanced and then died. One other found the new thought after she had spent years in a mad house, and is now free and earning her own living. This is, I believe, the extent of the cases I have heard about in my eight years in the publishing business. And I doubt if one of my personal acquaintances knows as many such cases as I do, unless by very far-fetched hearsay. It is my opinion that breathing of *any* sort never did and never will unbalance a mind. But mental excesses, too much seeking after psychic phenomena, too much one-idea-ness, too much thinking *with too little physical effort*, will unbalance a mind. And the old-fashioned hell-fire and brimstone religion has unsettled many a mind, where imagination was plus and useful work minus. If any Yogi breather ever went crazy it was over his mental excesses, not over his breathing. And even then he must have been unbalanced to begin with.

White Bread

Makes Trouble For People With Weak Intestinal Digestion.

A lady in a Wisconsin town employed a physician who instructed her not to eat white bread for two years. She tells the details of her sickness and she certainly was a sick woman.

"In the year 1887, I gave out from overwork, and until 1901 I remained an invalid in bed a great part of the time. Had different doctors but nothing seemed to help. I suffered from cerebro-spinal congestion, female trouble and serious stomach and bowel trouble. My husband called a new doctor and after having gone without any food for ten days the doctor ordered Grape-Nuts for me. I could eat the new food from the very first mouthful. The doctor kept me on Grape-Nuts and the only medicine was a little glycerine to heal the alimentary canal.

"When I was up again doctor told me to eat Grape-Nuts twice a day and no white bread for two years. I got well in good time and have gained in strength so I can do my own work again.

"My brain has been helped so much, and I know that the Grape-Nuts food did this, too. I found I had been made ill because I was not fed right, that I did not properly digest white bread and some other food I tried to live on.

"I have never been without Grape-Nuts food since and eat it every day. You may publish this letter if you like so it will help someone else." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich. Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

There is one sure way to influence a child for good—show it an example it can love. Emulation follows love like its shadow.

When replying to advertisements please mention THE NAUTILUS.

Mothers' Counsel

Edited by

ROSE WOODALLEN CHAPMAN.

Nautilus Mothers, Fathers and School Ma'ams are cordially invited to consult our Rose on any knotty problem connected with the training of children and parents—and teachers. She isn't exactly omniscient, but she is on the road, with experience and mamma helping. And she is glad to help and be helped. Address letters to Rose, care The Nautilus, and be careful to put no other communications in the same envelope. Replies to your letters, and a few of the letters will appear in this department.—E. T.

SOME MOTHERS' MISTAKES.

ROSE WOODALLEN CHAPMAN.

For some time I have been interested in watching the methods of mothers whom I know to be following the New Thought. I overheard one of these the other day, conversing with a friend on the beauties of the New Philosophy.

"I do so love the New Thought," she said, "and the loveliest thing about it, as it seems to me, is the way we can teach it to our children. Why, I just lie awake nights thinking of the beautiful things I can teach Roland. He will never be scared with stories of God's anger, as I was; so he'll never be so afraid, as I have been for so many years. Just think how beautiful life will seem to him with no fear in it!"

Roland was then only eighteen months old, and I suppose his mother looked upon him as too young to learn aught of the New Philosophy. Consequently, she had given little thought to the practical application of its principles to the daily life of her baby. Unknown to herself, she was following in the footsteps of hundreds of other mothers, whose eyes had not yet been opened to the deleterious effects of fear. She had overcome many of her hereditary limitations, but had not awakened to the fact that she was surrounding her baby with an atmosphere of apprehension.

"I don't dare leave him alone," she would reply to the suggestion of a moment's absence from the room, "for fear he may fall and hurt himself."

She would not have the window open in his bedroom for fear of a draft. He must be dressed even more warmly at night, than in the daytime,—that is, with woolen shirt and stockings and outing flannel nightgown with a blanket over him,—for fear he might take cold. When urged to put him upon the floor,

that she might have a few moment's freedom, she would either refuse to comply with the suggestion under protest, saying, as she did so, "He is almost sure to scream."

These were little things, but they sufficed to show that she was surrounding her child's mentality with fearful thoughts.

She expected, when he was older, to be able to eliminate fear from his consciousness, but she was building up in herself such habits of apprehensiveness as would make it almost impossible for her to show him the example of a fearless life.

As a contrast to her, there was the mother who neglected the most ordinary precautions for her child's welfare. If the weather changed suddenly and her child was clad only in the thinnest of wearing apparel, she would excuse what to others seemed her neglect of him, in that she made no effort to add to his bodily covering, by saying:

"Oh, a little cold air won't hurt him. Everything is good, you know, and he likes to play out-of-doors."

When he was found eating unripe fruit, she refused to interfere, saying:

"We must not be bound by fear, you know. A little green fruit won't hurt him."

If he showed signs of a bad cold, or a fever, from his unwise eating, she met the solicitude of her friends with the assurance that she would give him a treatment after he went to bed, and he would soon be over his cold. When at last his condition made it absolutely necessary to call in the services of a physician, she told her friends that she did not think there was as much in New Thought as some people made out.

These two mothers went to opposite extremes, and both were equally unwise. If our New Thought is of any practical value, it should enable us to meet the exigencies of a mother's life without that harassing accompaniment of ever-present fear which ages us more than anything else. We all know how the heart stops beating, the breath comes in gasps and the knees tremble at some sudden clutch of a fearful thought,—and how many opportunities there are for fear to clutch at the heart of the mother! Yet it is her business to rise above this atmosphere just as far as she possibly can.

To do this, the mother must, in the first place, inform herself as to what are the healthful conditions under which her child should live. Then, directing his life by the aid of this knowledge, she should endeavor to rest as-

sured that all will go well with her little one. If she affords his skin opportunity to maintain the proper activity, she need not be afraid of an open window in his bedroom. If he has the proper amount of clothing—neither too much nor too little,—she should dismiss from her mind the thought of the possibility of a cold.

Continued on page 52.

A Doctor's Sleep

Found He Had to Leave Off Coffee.

Many persons do not realize that a bad stomach will cause insomnia.

Coffee drinking, being such an ancient and respectable form of stimulation, few realize that the drug—caffeine—contained in coffee and tea, is one of the principal causes of dyspepsia and nervous troubles.

Without their usual portion of coffee or tea, the caffeine toppers are nervous, irritable and fretful. That's the way with a whiskey drinker. He has got to have his dram "to settle his nerves"—habit.

To leave off coffee is an easy matter if you want to try it, because Postum—well boiled according to directions—gives a gentle but natural support to the nerves and does not contain any drug—nothing but food.

Physicians know this to be true, as one from Georgia writes:

"I have cured myself of a long-standing case of Nervous Dyspepsia by leaving off coffee and using Postum Food Coffee," says the doctor.

"I also enjoyed refreshing sleep, to which I've been an utter stranger for twenty years.

"In treating Dyspepsia in its various types, I find little trouble when I can induce patients to quit coffee and adopt Postum." The doctor is right and "there's a reason." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

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As regards his crying, a baby of eighteen months is old enough to discover his mother's fear on that score and play upon her weakness. This is the time for the practical application of our principles. Crying will not hurt the baby—it is good exercise for him, developing his lungs and equalizing the circulation. Sometimes a child is cross because of a slight congestion of the blood in some part of the body. A good, hard cry increases the rapidity of the blood circulation, thus removing the cause of the unhappy frame of mind, and the child emerges from his storm as sunny and cheerful as could be desired. When a baby learns that he doesn't attain his wishes by a tempest of tears, he ceases to exert himself in that way and turns his attention to more interesting matters.

To all appearances, the second mother finds in the New Thought a convenient excuse for her own carelessness. It is too much trouble

(Continued on Page 54.)



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